

# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL.

OF

## Politics and General Literature.

VOL. III.]

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1823.

No. 104

### MISCELLANEOUS.

—1—

#### Summary of News.

The STANMORE, Charles Gray, from Coquimbo, South America, the 18th of January, arrived off Town yesterday afternoon, bringing her own report. The Patriot Gen. Frieri has attempted a counter-revolution, and will, it is expected, subvert the Government of O'Higgins, Supreme Director of Chili. On the 19th of November, there was a violent earthquake at Valparaiso, which shattered the town dreadfully, killing 3 or 4 hundred inhabitants. The NEARCHUS may be daily expected. The LADY BLACKWOOD had not been heard of on the coast.

Mr. William Duncan, Second Officer of the NEARCHUS, was drowned in the river of Guayaquil in August last.

Captain Mitchell of the ISABELLA ROBERTSON, belonging to Messrs. Stuart and Robertson here, died at Sea, shortly before the vessel arrived at Valparaiso; where Mr. Stuart also, a part owner, had died sometime before.

Captain Graham of the DORIA, (whose wife is the writer of Sketches in India,) died off Cape Horn; and Lord Cochrane is reported to have left the Patriot cause, from disgust at the proceedings of San Martin's party.

We expect to be favoured in the course of the day, with some important intelligence from the Letters, which we understand, have been received by this vessel.

The Shipping Report of yesterday, announced the arrival of the JULIANA, James Webster, from Bourbon, the 24th of January, and Eskapelly the 25th of April.

We are glad to observe that the Madras GOVERNMENT GAZETTE of the 17th of April, received yesterday by Dawk, corroborates the report mentioned in the JOURNAL of yesterday morning, that the Boat of the JULIANA, finding it could not make the Ship, proceeded to Ceylon: accounts having reached that Presidency of their having landed in safety.

The Estate of Fonthill, purchased by Mr. Farquhar, having attracted extraordinary attention in England, and occupied many a lengthened column of the Papers of the day, we have been induced to give from the LITERARY GAZETTE a Brass Engraving of the Abbey, with a full description of this Princely Mansion. This article in our Third Sheet, which at once addresses itself to the eye and the understanding, cannot fail, we think, to convey a far clearer idea of the splendid possession of "the rich East India Merchant" than could be communicated by fifty mere verbal descriptions; and we trust it will be found interesting to our readers, since many of them may hope to return, in like manner, and spend the evening of their days among the elegant luxuries and enjoyments of their Native land.

We to-day conclude the Article on the character and conduct of the London JOHN BULL from the COUNCIL OF TEN, which we have already introduced to the notice of our readers. This able Work, which appears to belong to no political party, must conduce powerfully to open the eyes of the Public, to see the perniciousness of that system of writing, which has, for some years past, disgraced the English Press. Some of our readers may be inclined to think we have bestowed more space upon it than it deserves, since the infamy of the BULL system of

slander and defamation is already so great that no respectable English publication, even of the same political party, will acknowledge the BULL as an ally. But, unfortunately, although scouted in England, there is here no want of persons, calling themselves the champions of decency and social order, who will vend and puff his odious calumnies, for the amusement of their readers; so depraved do they consider the Public appetite! And it is but fair that all who imitate, or as retailers at second-hand, divide the profits of JOHN BULL's disgraceful traffic,—should also take their share of public execration.

The happy exposure of JOHN BULL's ignorant pretension to criticise his cotemporaries, will remind the Public of the miserable JOURNALANA of his Calcutta imitator whose stupidity led him to ape the silliest, as want of just principle had induced his predecessors and correspondents to imitate the worst features of that detestable publication.

*Logical Seven-league Boots.*—THE NEW TIMES must certainly have discovered a pair of logical seven-league boots—the strides that it takes to conclusions become from day to day more and more gigantic—it indeed makes one absolutely giddy to see how it springs to its ends. Setting out with the French Revolution, in about half a dozen lines the writer, by easy stages as it were, makes Spain bankrupt and sponges out her national debt. Perhaps it will be thought a little jealousy, a mean envy, should we hint that our contemporary owes his success in ravishing conclusions to a form of logic not considered altogether orthodox, of which the notable syllogism that makes man a goose because he has two legs and a goose has precisely the same numerical allowance of legs is a good example. If our memory serves us it runs thus:—"Homo est bipes, anser est bipes, ergo, Homo est anser." Like the dispute respecting the Mermaid, in these cases the only question is, how the deuce the two ends are patched together, how the unnatural conjunction of major and minor with conclusion is effected. We extract the following enviable specimen of our contemporary's logic:—

"We have in recent history a plain and distinct pattern of revolutionary madness and folly, which the faction now, or lately prevailing in the Spanish capital, are copying with the closest exactness. They have degraded the nobility, as the French Jacobins did; they have robbed the clergy, as the French Jacobins did; they have driven the King's loyal subjects to arms, by their oppression and tyranny, and created a civil war, as the French Jacobins did; and they will, of necessity, be obliged to make a national bankruptcy, and sponge out a great part of the debt they are now contracting, as the French Jacobins did."

We will now just try whether we can produce any thing like this, because, be it observed, with our old jot-trot logic it is a moral and physical impossibility that we can even keep pace with our contemporary; and therefore like Hop-o-my-thumb we shall take leave to steal his seven-league boots, and see what we can do with them. Mark now, that in a hop, skip, and a jump—in half a dozen lines or thereabouts, we will make Louis abdicate the throne of France, and seek refuge here, a Royal pauper to live at poor JOHN BULL's expense. One, two, three, and away.

We have in recent history a plain and distinct pattern of kingly madness and folly which the Ultra faction now prevailing

in the French capital are copying with the closest exactness. The Bourbons have lost one of their family by the axe of the executioner, as the Stuarts did; they have taken refuge in a neighbouring kingdom and fed on the charity of the bitterest foes of their country as the Stuarts did; they have been restored to the throne to their ancestors, as the Stuarts were; they have, like the Stuarts, learned nothing from experience; they have, like the Stuarts, persisted in the system that lost their kinsman his head. Louis is a bigot, as was James II. and like him disgusts his people with superstitious mummary. Louis, like James II., despises the people, and trusts to his army; the army will adhere to the popular cause, and desert him, as the army deserted James in the time of need. He will be forced to abdicate as James was; to give place to young Napoleon, as James gave place to William; and will be constrained to come over here a vagabond King, to live on charity and cheese-parings, as James went over to France; and the French will acquire a Constitution in 182\*, as we did in 1688.

We hope we have thus settled every thing to the satisfaction of our readers, but should they require any thing more, they have only to express their wish, as all things are attainable by this accommodating species of logic, and we will gratify them with any event they may be disposed to bespeak.

**No-Popery Bankes.**—A certain travelled candidate for Cambridge University, who founds his claim for success upon the narrow and confined view he has hitherto chosen to take of the expansion, extent, and value of human intellect, and who is likewise an occasional dabbler in a Tory periodical work, especially in the composition of those articles, which have at all interfered with a book published by his near relation, has within these few days become almost desperate from the hopelessness of his cause—and as the last resort—the beaten and long exploded cry of “No Popery,” is we understand, again revived.

One of the most rare tracts in early English literature, and which is mentioned by the commentators on Shakespear, is called “*Bankes's Bay Horse*.” It is said to be written by an ancestor of the Candidate for the University of Cambridge. Like the first edition of a certain History of Rome, recently published, and recently suppressed, it was publicly burnt, because it was discovered to be full of errors and blunders.—*Morn. Chron.*

**Superiority of the English Labourer over the Irish Peasant.**—A Correspondent of the NEW TIMES attributes the superiority of the English labourer over the Irish peasant to causes that must at once surprise and alarm the friends of morality. He tells us the English labourer and his wife benefit by the example of the farmer and his wife, who carry home the fashions which govern Peers and Peeresses, not merely those fashions which relate to dress and manners, but those which relate to conduct and opinions. Prodigious! Fashionable conduct and opinions in rustic life! What ideas are conjured up of separate apartments, and all the nameless refinements of ton, in the cottage.—Hodge's gallantries and Molly's freedoms. Club, at the Cat and Bag-pipes for high play at beggar my neighbour. Debt, a joke; honesty, cant; industry, a bore. The frying-pan mortgaged at the market town; Molly flirting with the parish clerk; Hodge talked of with the blacksmith's lady; the *haisons dangereuses* of the village—an esclandre; separate maintenance; chandler's shop clamorous; Hodge goes on the parish, instead of going to Paris, and dies like many other young gentlemen of rank and fashion, of extreme old age, at the advanced period of twenty-one.

The following is the passage that has suggested this frightful picture of things; it is quoted with much commendation in the leading article of our contemporary:—

“They (the farmers) attend fairs and markets weekly, at which they mix with their corn factors and tradesmen—men who have frequent intercourse with polished society, and who, while they possess the means, make it their constant study to copy its refinements. From the houses of these persons the farmer and his wife carry home the fashions which govern peers and peeresses; not merely those which relate to dress and manners, but

those which relate to conduct and opinions, to the regulation of private and social life. From the former these fashions (if we may so call them) flow upon the labourer.”

The writer goes on to prove that the degraded condition of the Irish peasants is attributable to their not having the same opportunity of catching through various reflexions the conduct and opinions of Peers and Peeresses. Now, though there are undoubtedly many shining examples of unexceptionable lives to be found amongst our peers and peeresses, they are yet, for the most part, not exactly the moral patterns which we should offer for the imitation of our simple labourers and their homely wives. Jewels, it is true, have been found in dunghills, but, nevertheless, dunghills are not the precise places in which people expect to find them. The opinions and conduct of Peers and Peeresses have never, thank Heaven! been copied by the industrious classes; they leave such imitation to lackeys and waiting-women, who are the favourite objects of popular ridicule, as being pretty just epitomes of the follies and vices of their exalted betters. It is not in the higher walks of life that we can look for examples. The surface of society like the surface of all other things, is always the foulest; ever ready to receive a stain, and contract impurity—like the surface of a stream it buoys up trifles, whatever is worthless and rotten; and lets the more solid and valuable sink at once to the bottom—the purer element is to be found in the medium.

It is, however, unlucky for the argument of THE NEW TIMES, that the more industrious, and better conducted, portion of the Irish Peasantry is to be found in the North, the part farthest removed from the influence of the example of Peers and Peeresses, or their imitators; indeed it may be generally observed that the morals of a people gain little by an intercourse with those who are termed their betters, the Great House of a village is too often the head-quarters of the vices, the moral pest house of the neighbourhood.

The great Scotch Reformers were told of the necessity of having Bishops and other dignitaries to mix with the higher ranks, and keep them pure and undefiled, and that their example would influence the inferior classes.—O no, said the old Presbyterians, a people must be reformed from the foundation upwards. The lesson of self denial is not easily taught to those who abound in the goods of fortune, and our Lord did not begin with the high and mighty of the earth. When the mass of the people are gained over, their superiors will be found to respect their virtues, and in some sort to imitate them. The result has justified this prognostication; and the higher ranks of Scotland, once exceedingly dissolute, awed by the body of the people, are distinguished among their equals in this Island for the comparative austerity of their morals, and correctness of their lives.—*Morning Chronicle.*

**Sir Walter Scott.**—There is a pretty general belief in Scotland, that Sir Walter Scott is not in the highest favour with his Majesty, and that during the late visit, the success of his attempt to ingratiate himself with Royalty by no means corresponded to the exertion. With the view, however, it would seem, of producing a contrary impression, it has been blazoned in the Newspapers that the King has lately appointed Sir Walter a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Roxburgh. This, we believe, is the first time that an appointment of such a nature was ever advertised as an indication of royal favour. It does not flow from the King. It is, on the contrary, an appointment which is in the pure gift and discretion of the Lord Lieutenant, and is always stated to be so. On the present occasion, the appointment itself is generally understood to have been obtained under peculiar circumstances. Sir Walter has not a foot of land in the County of Roxburgh, nor does he live in that County. How, therefore, the Marquess of Lothian could have been induced to make him one of his Deputies, it would be difficult to say. Thus much, however, is certain; the King himself, though his name has been thrust into the matter, could have nothing to do with it, and at this moment probably knows of the appointment only from report.



Thursday, May 1. 1833.

—3—

### The Council of Ten.

#### ON THE IGNORANCE AND BLUNDERS OF THE JOHN BULL.

THE other count of our indictment was the ignorance and stupidity of the "JOHN BULL." It may be asked, what motives could induce us, after the grave and capital charges which we have brought forward, to add others, comparatively trivial and inconsiderable, as relating to the weakness of the head rather than the depravity of the heart?

We have two reasons: We fear, in the first place, that, in the present degeneracy of human nature, to censure a public JOURNAL for its exhaustless fund of personality and scandal, can have little effect in crushing or putting it down. On the contrary, we are absolutely doing it a service. We whet the vulgar curiosity, and increase the ravenous appetite which rages in the generality of mankind for an insight into the concerns and circumstances of their neighbours. They eagerly peruse, they even almost devour, the contents of a publication which has obtained a disgraceful notoriety for revealing the secrets of private families and prying into the recesses of domestic life. They may despise, that they read; they may abhor, but they purchase. As a generous enemy contemns the traitor, while he takes the benefit of his treason; they may execrate the author, but they encourage the work. By the more exposure, therefore, of the illiberal invectives and weekly libels of the "JOHN BULL," we unfortunately tend to augment its circulation and its popularity. Its writers, dead as they must be to the sense of shame or the desire of honest reputation, probably chuckle over the conviction that nothing can be so favourable to their sale as a character for clever calumnies and pointed abuse; they would willingly compound for the infamy of stabbing with a whisper, and assassinating with an insinuation, if they can obtain the profit. It becomes then, a matter of imperative necessity to exhibit to the people of this country their intellectual as well as moral degradation: to prove, that their qualities of head and heart are only worthy of each other; to shew, that they have committed as many sins against grammar as against decency; and perpetrated as many murders upon the English language as they have wished to perpetrate upon the fame and credit of Englishmen. Our second reason is to be found in the airs of ludicrous importance which these scribblers assume, in the vanity and self-sufficiency with which they talk of the power and effect of their lucubrations, and of the terror which they strike into the hearts of their opponents: they boast of their sale; they boast of their reputation; they boast of their influence. According to their own account, they are become autocrats and dictators in literature and politics; and hold despotic sway, not only over the press, but in the country: there never was any thing so lively, so luminous, so witty, so profound, so intelligent, so forcible, as the "JOHN BULL." They will hardly believe us to be in earnest, if, in taking the privilege of the poets, and addressing our own pages, we should say to them:—

"Go, and tell him,  
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say, we think him over-proud  
And under-honest, in self assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgment."

The worst is, that this absurd presumption, these tumid pretensions, have actually imposed upon a certain portion of the community. There are persons, who have managed to discover a vast deal of humour and talent in their ribaldry and obscenity; a complete treasure of strong and eloquent language in their insults and invectives. We must endeavour to undeceive them, and remove the film of prejudice or fear which obscures their mental vision. Poor Braham, among the rest, who had been the object of their low scurrility and groundless censures, was evidently frightened by the bitterness of their contumelies, and attempts to soothe and flatter them by the appellation of consummate writers. Consummate writers!—Consummate in what? If Mr. Braham means consummate in ability or vigour, we can only laugh at the expression; if he means consummate in ignorance, consummate in impertinence, consummate in arrogance, we are perfectly of his opinion.

In fact, the task of private defamation requires neither extensive knowledge nor shining qualifications. Public interest is easily excited by abuse of individuals. Violence and asperity, impudence and a disregard for the truth or falsehood of the assertion, are the standing methods to ensure success. A man of genius could no more descend to the employment than a man of honour. Misrepresentation and perversion are labours, which carry with them far more of disgrace than difficulty. We could say to any writer in the "JOHN BULL," in the words of Terence, if we thought that he could understand us—

"Nihil est. Antipho,  
Quin male narando possit depravari;  
Tand, quod boni est, excipis: dicis, quod mali est."

We shall not, however, assert their entire unfitness for the business which they have undertaken; they have just sufficient talent for

their occupation. Theirs is dirty work, but they occasionally do it well; they fight with a hatchet, but they sometimes wield it with dexterity. Yet that they possess any of the higher qualities of intellect, that they have displayed any depth of thought, or any brilliancy of style, no man could assert without making himself ridiculous. We, at least, feel no touch of apprehension at their bitterest animosity; we fear neither the yell nor the bite of these literary blood-hounds.

Again: some idle surprise has been expressed at their varied and early information in matters of domestic history. But the wonder must cease after a moment's consideration. There is always a vast quantity of floating scandal circulated through a large, overgrown and dissipated metropolis, which may be gathered and put into print with little waste of patience, and less exercise of ingenuity. They who live upon the town, and go about seeking whom they may defame; they, who have their ears continually open to calumnious rumours, and who care nothing whether they are true, or only founded on fact, or altogether false, may without much trouble stuff a long report with their transactions. The collectors of slander may soon have a full collection of curiosities. There are few families, in this or any other kingdom, in which some unpleasant circumstances have not occurred, and may not be divulged, if men can be found base enough to hunt after them, and drag them to the light. Nor does the mass of libellous matter depend solely upon the efforts of the proprietors or conductors of the paper: when they have once established a periodical production for the encouragement of acrimonious personalities, their activity will be assisted by many lurking miscreants, who club their gratuitous contributions of malignity, and seize with a dastardly delight the opportunity, of gratifying their private vengeance, safely and anonymously, through the means of a public journal.

The private information, therefore, of the "JOHN BULL," were it ten times greater than it is, would be nothing marvellous. But, with regard to all general subjects, was there ever ignorance more complete, darkness more impenetrable? When have the editors of this paper communicated any foreign intelligence to their readers? When have they shewn themselves in the least acquainted with the external or domestic policy of the empire? On all such topics they have been totally at fault. With regard to the measures of the Ministry, or the passing events of the day, they have always lagged miserably in the rear; their stupidity and lack of knowledge, to use Mr. Braham's expression, has been indeed consummate. There never was a more ludicrous suspicion, than that of the very possibility of their being supported by the administration of the country. In all probability they set it on foot themselves, for the purpose of pretending to refute and be indignant at it. We fully acquit them of being connected with the Government, and of moving in the higher circles of life. The very supposition is an absolute libel both upon those who conduct the affairs of the country; and those who take the lead in the society of the metropolis.—To give a single instance of its folly, this is the paper which, when all the rest had noticed, as separate pieces of information, that Mr. Peel had been appointed secretary of state for the home department, and Mr. Goulburn was going to Ireland with the Marquis Wellesley, gravely confounded them together, and informed the public that Lord Wellesley was made lord lieutenant of Ireland, and that Mr. Peel was appointed as his secretary.

But it is unfair perhaps, to expect much political wisdom in the Writers of a Sunday newspaper. We will meet them, then, on their own grounds. They do not indeed "pretend to fine writing," and this is very lucky; although it would be hardly more preposterous than the rest of their pretensions. But they are far ever dabbling in verbal criticism—they would even affect to be linguists and scholars; they pounce with merciless severity upon the unlucky phrases and expressions of contemporary journalists. If their knowledge was equal to their zeal, no confusion of metaphors, no fault of diction would escape them. Let us see whether their own house is so strongly built that they can afford to throw stones. Let us see whether they are so entirely guiltless of all offences against taste and grammar, that they can pass through the same ordeal without injury and without danger.

But it will hardly be expected that we should wade backward through all the numbers, institute a search after all its blunders and inaccuracies, or gather the whole luxurions crop of weeds from such a dunghill. We would not inflict such a list upon our readers. We shall merely mention two or three by way of specimen, which we have remarked by accident and at random; satisfied, however, that there must remain an inexhaustible fund of amusement for the man who has more patience than ourselves, and can take more delight in discovering and exposing the follies of a quack, who, like all the rest, has grown into notoriety by dint of dogmatic impudence and blustering presumption. Moreover, we offer them this challenge: let them choose their own favourite number, where they most pique themselves upon the elegance and accuracy of their style, and we undertake to find, in addition to the transgressions on the score of reason and morality, some gross fault in the diction or the spelling—for orthography is really not a word which can be applied to the "JOHN BULL."

If we were friends to the editors, which certainly we do not profess to be, we should most earnestly recommend them never to attempt any expression from the classic tongues, nor any compound of them, nor any derivative from them. Above all things, let them not try their hands at a quotation. To appear in the characters of scholars or men of education is for them a hopeless case; they only expose their ignorance, in the endeavour to display their learning. It is better to creep in safety, than to fall to the ground in an effort to fly, amid the jeers of the spectators. If they would but hear and act upon this advice, we should have no more such words as *misanthropy*, or *pulsaninity*, or *suburban*, or *vaccillation*, with a thousand others which we reserve; we should have no such signature as *Philo Gunaikos*, no such tautology as "*despair and desperation*," no such passage from Virgil as—

Oh fortunati, si sua bona nōrint,  
Agricolæ!

evidently meant as a pentameter line, instead of an hexameter. We should not have such illiterate nonsense as the following: The managers of the West London Theatre pretended, ridiculously enough, to revive the ancient Greek drama; and gave out for representation a translation of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, printing the Latin word *Œdipus* in immense and imposing Greek characters. Upon which "*JOHN BULL*" presents the public with the following learned remarks: "We looked at the bills of the West London, alias the Regency, alias the Tottenham-street Theatre; and there sure enough we found *Œdipus* placarded for the representation, not in vulgar common-place Roman capitals, such as Covent Garden uses, but in the real Greek characters. *Œdipus*. Now, it is impossible for any school-boy in the third form to read this precious piece of erudition, without perceiving at once, that the editor of the "*JOHN BULL*" newspaper knows just as much Greek as the managers of the West London Theatre. Again, therefore, we would strenuously advise him to restrain his literary ambition, and leave the languages of antiquity to those who are at least acquainted with their first and simplest rudiments, as he can never touch upon them without getting into innumerable hobbles, and exhibiting a melancholy exposure of his profound and hopeless ignorance.

But perhaps the writer of the "*JOHN BULL*" would not appear a proficient in the dead languages: he is so fine and polite a gentleman, that he makes these mistakes on purpose, from the fear of being considered a pedant by the ladies. Unfortunately, however, his skill in the living languages is no greater than in the dead. We could easily prove, if we had time, and we are well aware that we could not pay him a worse compliment, that he is just as conversant with French as with Latin; understands just as much of German as of Greek; and has exactly as much acquaintance with any other modern European tongue, as with Arabic or Hebrew.

It may be, again, that the editor of a Sunday newspaper is no more expected to be a master of foreign languages than to possess an enlarged grasp and compass of mind, or take general and comprehensive views of political affairs, and the great interests of the empire. Yet, surely, he should be able to express common sense in decent English. But here we must rather say, how should a man be initiated in the dialects which were written in former centuries, or are spoken by foreign nations, when he cannot express himself with purity and precision in his mother tongue. We submit, with humble deference, that if this writer had ever properly been taught his own language, he would hardly treat us with such words as *scurrilous* and *seperation*: he would hardly talk of a meeting *presided* by that tried friend of the country, Dr. Watson; he would hardly allow a correspondent, in talking of alderman Wood, to say, that "after dinner, two Suffolk gentlemen and him appeared to have some friendly altercation." We fear, indeed, that the editor of the "*JOHN BULL*" is a near relation of Mrs. Malaprop.

We should be happy to specify the dates on which these stupid blunders were committed, but we do not happen to have by us all the numbers of this journal; and if we had, we should really be too lazy to look them over. There would be something too tiresome and sickening in the task. But the publication, throughout all its series, is spangled and studded with mistakes: we need not look for single luminaries twinkling with their scattered rays in the different parts of its hemisphere; there is one continued line of light, and the whole space is illuminated with a galaxy of blunders, so many and so near, that we cannot distinguish the glory of each "bright particular star."—To drop from the skies, our readers will find a plentiful supply of errors and absurdities, without much trouble in the search. It is our humble employment to mention one or two which we had casually noted down; to present, as it were, "*multis e millibus unum*."

But to shew, in a comprehensive view, the literary qualifications of the editor, and the grammatical accuracy and brilliancy of language with which the paper is composed, we shall select their leading article upon their first conviction in the case of Lady Wrottesley; an article on which they may naturally be supposed to have employed more than ordinary pains, as it contains their justification and defence in a case of

the most vital importance to their reputation; and which was, in fact, so elaborately written, that they delayed it until the second Sunday after the sentence had been past.

It begins with the following elegant and pithy sentence: "We are great friends to optimism."

Whatever is, is right.

No, no, honest John, not every thing; there is no rule without an exception. Optimism is very wrong indeed! There never was any thing so unfortunate.

We have next something very droll indeed about "an accusative bird" and the Honourable Henry Grey Bennett.

But he is quite ostentatious in his quotations from the English poets. He has not yet done with Pope. We have a barbarous murder committed upon two good lines:

The things, God knows, are neither rich nor rare;  
But we wonder how the devil they got there.

says "*JOHN BULL*."

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

says Pope.

Where was the man's ear, when he could write such a line, in the idea that it was an heroic verse? Poor Pope! how would he have been exasperated! What would have been his agony, at reading his own line with eleven syllables in it? We would take the liberty of informing the erudite gentleman who quotes, or rather misquotes it, that in the verses of this metre there are generally ten; and we hope that he will be grateful to us for the information.

He must have a touch at Shakspeare too, and Shakspeare is no better treated.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

says Shakspeare.

"A toad," and "on his head," says "*JOHN BULL*," as if it was some particular and individual toad, with a sparkling diamond fixed in his hair like a young lady, regularly set and attached to a gold pin.

We have, then, a passage from Junius, which we fully believe to be as inaccurately quoted, or rather, as ludicrously travestied and caricatured, as either of the foregoing. In good truth, this luminous writer should distrust his memory; for, however vast and various may be his attainments, he must be sensible that he is beset on every occasion by a propensity to blunder.

Our ingenious writer talks too of "speaking in the same hyperbole," when the expression is sheer nonsense. He might as well say of a man, that he used the same metaphor instead of language equally metaphorical.

Now it must be borne in mind that all these faults are contained in a single article, of which the composition cost a week. Was there ever such an incorrigible ignoramus? such an egregious adept in mistakes? such a "stupid, assish" pretender to literature? We use his own terms on the present occasion, although they are too gross to be applied to any body but himself. But we refer our readers to the whole article, and indeed the whole publication, from beginning to end. If they can find amusement in impertinent stupidity, they will not be disappointed. If a man can feast upon the folly of an arrogant and presuming scribbler, he will have a rich treat in the "*JOHN BULL*," he may exclaim in delightful anticipation, before he begins his repast,

Oh, ye gods, how I shall dine!

For ourselves, however, we must confess that we are deterred by our apprehensions from plunging deeper into this chaos of nonsense: we are afraid of being bewildered in the maze of blunders, and lost in the inextricable labyrinth of absurdities.

We are willing to suppose that some of these ludicrous expressions may be mere errors in the printing; but if this is the case with all, or any large proportion of them, we should exhort the editors of the "*JOHN BULL*" immediately to change their compositors and correctors of the press. Many of them, in fact, can hardly be the fault of the printer; for every printer, every printer's devil, in London, would know better.

But these learned and accurate writers must be critics in the bargain; and really their criticism is altogether worthy of their composition. We shall give a single specimen from one of their late numbers. A writer in the *Times* says, "We know much, and have heard more." But just observe the critical remarks of the "*JOHN BULL*": "We know much, but have heard more." This, we must observe, is impossible to begin with, because no man can have heard more than he knows (unless he is an idiot incapable of comprehension)—he may believe or not; but most assuredly, when he has once heard a thing, he knows it; so that



# CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL.

— 5 —

how the *Times* managed to have heard more than it knows, we cannot comprehend—perhaps it means more than it understands." Into what folly may a man be betrayed by his blind and stupid malignity! This, the critic says, is "intrinsically droll, exquisitely good, for its incomprehensibility—impossible—not to be made head or tail of." Now we affirm, that it is very possible to hear more than we know. For instance we might hear that the editor of the "*JOHN BULL*" is a scholar and a man of education, but we should know nothing of the kind.

The critic proceeds: "But far, very far beyond this little boggle is the plain sensible matter-of-fact intelligence which is contained in the following lines: they speak of Austria—mark, of Austria; and they know much, and have heard more of her conduct in Italy—(that is, the conduct of Austria in Italy;) to which they add, 'She is there out of her sphere. We should think she was indeed;'—and so forth. Now, all this is not mere hypercriticism: it is downright nonsense. Hatred of the *Times* journal makes the writer out herod Herod in his absurdity. The conduct of Austria in Italy?—Why not? What mode of expression is more natural or more common, than to speak of the conduct of France, or England, or Austria, in such or such a place, when we mean, in strictness, the conduct of the government or the people. Shakespeare even personifies these countries, and talks of France and Austria, when he wishes to designate their sovereigns. What would the "*JOHN BULL*" say to such an expression as 'Fortinbras, the nephew to old Norway?' Or, if we wished to follow its example, and vent foolish and flippant jeers upon an ordinary and usual sort of phrase, might we not ridicule such a sentence as, 'How the *Times* manages to have heard more than it knows, we cannot comprehend; when the more exact expression would evidently be, the Editor of the *Times*?' But the whole matter is really too ludicrous: we must have done with this wonderfully acute and amiable critic, who exhibits his unprovoked and impotent malice even where he can do no injury, as a savage cow shows its teeth and growls, where it has no power or opportunity of biting.

Having thus, as we believe, proved beyond dispute the two charges of calumny and of folly, which we brought forward against the "*JOHN BULL*" newspaper, we shall conclude a subject on which we have spoken with reluctance by a few words to the Editor himself. We would ask him, if he is a gentleman by birth and education, as he would at least wish to be considered, does he suppose that he can do credit either to the one or to the other by the career which he is running? If he would appear as the friend and supporter of the Government, ought he to adopt measures which are marked and stigmatized with universal odium and suspicion, as they have been in general the last resource of a vanquished and dispirited faction; the desperate attempt of men who have suffered discomfiture, who are covered with disgrace, whose station is too low to be dishonoured, and whose character is too vile to be debased. If he is desirous of being called the champion of order, the advocate of decency, and the guardian of morality, where is his consistency in pursuing a course, by which order is broken, decency is outraged, and morality is trampled under foot? It is at his own option to believe or disregard us, but we can assure him that he must either change his style or resign his pretensions.

Shall we be expected to treat him as he has treated all who have fallen into his clutches? Shall we drag his real name into this daylight, and expose his most secret actions to the world? We shall do no such thing. In fact, we know not, and we care not, who the editor may be. We have our suspicions, and those suspicions might perhaps be satisfied. But who would take much trouble to attain so wretched an object? In a few months this journal must be as deeply sunk in general contempt as it now is in the enormity of its own guilt. We will not believe it possible that a paper, conducted on such a plan, and with such a modicum of ability, should long flourish or be supported in this country. At present, therefore, we leave him in his concealment; we will not draw him from it like a badger from its box. It must be the best and most complete vengeance, even for those whom he has injured, to know, that he must ever tremble at the thought of discovery; must shake and shudder at the inevitable prospect of standing sooner or later before his fellow-citizens in his proper character, as "the climax of all scorn." The vista of his contemplations must be always closed by the gigantic spectres of opprobrium and infamy. Whoever and whatever he is, there can be no circumstances in his situation to justify or extenuate the steps by which he has risen to a notoriety of which every honest man would be ashamed; but, on the other hand, it has been often found, upon the discovery of the author of some nameless libel, that not only the feelings of individuals have been wantonly stretched upon the rack, and the sanctities of domestic life barbarously violated, but that hospitality has been abused, and friendship betrayed; that perfidy has been combined with slander; and ingratitude added to aggravate the guilt of defamation. It may be so in the present instance; but really the malice which appears upon the very face of the publication is so enormous the stains which can never be wiped off, in whatever light the matter may be placed, are so dark and deadly, that common charity forbids us

to suppose that private treachery can have been joined to the more open and undisguised delinquencies; or that the means by which the information was obtained have been as villainous as the ends to which it is turned are disgusting and detestable.

## ON THE SUPPORTERS OF THE SYSTEM.

We have watched the progress of the "*JOHN BULL*" with mingled curiosity and regret; and considered the encouragement which has been given to it, as disgraceful to the country. Its history becomes a subject of some interest, as connected with the philosophy of mind; and affords a melancholy insight into the weakness and depravity of human nature. The reception, indeed, which has been afforded to all the journals conducted on the present system, can never raise in any generous mind one consolatory or gratifying emotion. The reflection is as sad and degrading as the fact is certain, that the mere infusion of private libels has been a principle of life and vigour for publications which must otherwise have died at the very moment of their birth; a principle of support and buoyancy, by which that has been kept afloat, which must have been weighed down by the specific gravity of its own tediousness and folly, and sunk at once and for ever; a principle of motion and circulation to what its own patron has been obliged to designate, as "a dull and stupid document." It is of little moment, that these papers are censured, and their authors held in abhorrence: as long as they are bought and read, the anathemas which are pronounced against them are as idle and as harmless as would be, at this instant, a bull of excommunication from the Pope against the King of Great Britain. The right way to put them down is neither to purchase nor peruse them; this is the method which must be most effectual in crushing an infamous production, as it is also the most worthy of an honourable man. But look at the present sale of the "*JOHN BULL*;" it is encouraged in the inverse ratio of its merits. By bestowing, therefore, a few words of admonition and reproof upon the contributors and subscribers to that journal we shall be at least animated by the hope of stopping the farther extension of defamation and calumny, and doing service to the good old cause of honest fairness and manly liberality.

They are of three kinds. First, the timid alarmists, who have been frightened into a belief of the danger of the country, and the absolute necessity of such publications as the "*JOHN BULL*," for the purpose of carrying on a successful warfare against blasphemy and sedition, and supporting the interests of regular authority, of virtue, and of religion. Secondly, the foolish persons who have been seduced into their perusal by the mere working of idle curiosity, and the love of domestic histories, without a single thought of the mischief and the misery which they have contributed to cause. And, thirdly, they who are anxious to gratify their private malice by seeing their political or personal enemies slandered and traduced; or by sending their scraps of information to some scandalous chronicle already fully established, and widely circulated. The first kind, therefore, we would wish to undeceive; the second, to abash and shame; the third to denounce and chastise.

We would speak even tenderly of the first. We believe them to be egregiously mistaken; but still their motives are to be respected. We hope, however, that we have, in a former part of this discussion, sufficiently exposed and refuted the ridiculous notion, that the "*JOHN BULL*," and its coadjutors in calumny, either have produced, or can produce, the effect which they imagine. We would here add, that the benefits which they suppose to have resulted, great and incalculable as they are, would almost be purchased at too dear a price. Order would be bought at the expense of honour; and tranquillity be restored by the sacrifice of the best feelings of the heart. No circumstances could justify so dangerous an experiment; where the good is uncertain and remote, the evil evident and immediate, terrible in its operation, enormous in its extent, indefinite in its consequences; desperate as a remedy, frightful as a precedent. We would address ourselves to the second, "rather in sorrow than in anger." We would ask them dispassionately and seriously, whether it is fair, whether it is manly, whether it is generous, to prefer their own idle amusement to the repose and comfort of their fellow-citizens; whether it is worth their while to become accessories in the diffusion of slander and the assassination of character, for the sake of a miserable and paltry gratification, of which the reflection must be, at some time or other, painful in the extreme? They should be able to relieve, their ennui without helping, by their encouragement of such publications, to lacerate the feelings of private individuals: they ought to employ their existence to some better and higher purpose, than that of assisting, by their insatiable avidity, for scandal, to heap injury and insult upon their neighbours; they are not—they cannot be, aware of the mischief they are doing. We accuse them rather of thoughtlessness than of actual guilt. But their thoughtlessness is the indirect cause of corroding anguish to hundreds: their amusement may be worse than death to many, who are the objects of indecent jokes, and contumelious sarcasms. Let them apply the case to themselves. Let them suppose that the jest of a malignant libeller is at their expense; that the shaft of calumny is pointed at their own breasts; that they are to be held up as marks for public laughter and public scorn; that their private lives and family

misfortunes are to be blazoned in the pages of a daily or weekly journal; that they are to be branded with foul and unmerited reproach, consecrated, as it were, to derision and ignominy. Nor is it impossible, or even improbable, that such a circumstance should happen. For who shall say who will be the next victim of such a system; the next target at which the arrows of the libeller will be aimed; the next butt for slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to its blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot.

Calumny is an insatiable monster, of which the eyes and ears are ever open; of which the very breath is the deadliest venom; and which devours all within its reach with rapacious and ever increasing appetite. It springs unawares upon the unhappy wretch who is destined for destruction, with a swift and stealthy pace. Nothing is too high or too obscure, too honourable or too sacred, to elude its grasp; and nothing ever escapes from its loathsome fangs unwounded and uncontaminated. In plain terms, during the existence of such a system as that which is now prevalent, neither man nor woman is secure. Integrity cannot shield, nor privacy conceal. Let every one, therefore, who is disposed to look for entertainment in the scandalous pages of some nameless scribbler, suppose, as he may well do without much stretch of imagination, that he is himself the object of attack. We would then inquire of him, what he should think of those, whom he found laughing and diverting themselves over the account in which his actions are aspersed, his motives misrepresented, his character assailed, his person exposed, as on a pillory or gibbet, to undeserved contempt or execration; and who told him coolly upon his remonstrance; "We know not whether all this is true or false; but at any rate it is very amusing," or, "we believe it to be profligate scandal; but we cannot help buying and reading it, for really it is excellent fun." Would he not consider it, as a most lame and impotent apology for conniving at the diffusion of a false unprincipled, and malicious libel: would he not say, that they who enjoy the slander, participate the guilt; that they who purchase or subscribe to the paper, in which it is contained, are taking an unwarrantable liberty with his reputation and his peace of mind; are doing an irreparable injury, not only to himself, but to the community at large; in fine, we would earnestly implore these careless readers to reflect for a single moment upon the inevitable consequences of their conduct; we conjure them to remember how they, by their mere unthinking frivolity, augment the power of a tremendous engine, which may be fatal to themselves at the rebound.

But to the third description of persons we must speak in far different terms. We have no words to express our horror and indignation; our thoughts must remain inadequately expressed, when language is exhausted. The contributors to a journal which makes a traffic of defamation are worse even than the editors. Their illiberal attacks are more completely without excuse. They have not even the wretched incitement of pecuniary gain. The editor is only labouring in his vocation; flagitious without motive, and sordid without temptation they can derive no possible advantage but the gratification of the most malignant passions. We can conceive no being in the shape of man more thoroughly debased, than the purveyor of libels to such a paper as the *JOHN BULL*. What vile and lurking treachery is in the whole transaction! How must the perpetrators be sunk in infelicitous and irremediable disgrace! For what is the fact? The libellous paragraphs are sent to the office; the author, it is very probable, is unknown even to the publisher; the slander is no sooner printed than burnt, that the hand-writing may by on future accident rise up in judgment against the calumniator, and bear witness to his guilt. Who can think without shuddering, of the ease and safety, with which the darkest iniquities may be thus practised? How, or where, shall any man be thus safe from the dagger of the political assassin? His intimate friend, his loved companion, his trusted servant, may traduce him; his very kindred may blast his character, and destroy his happiness. What expressions shall we apply to the man who can lend himself to such a system? what shall we say of the system which encourages, which facilitates, which engenders, such horrible atrocities? As boys destroy with pleasure a nest of hornets, or men demolish the retreat of banditti, or level with the ground the fortress of plunderers, or pirates; it would be well, if were possible, to cripple and paralyze the exertions of the contributors, by discountenancing and crushing the journals in which the contributions are admitted or requested. The papers should be shaken off like a serpent, which had twined itself round the hand; should be thrown down, as infected with a moral plague, sepiate with pollution and filth; the contributors, wherever they can be ascertained, should be excluded from the pale of reputable society; stigmatized, anathematized, excommunicated, as men who are a dishonour to mankind. Unfortunately, however, although the editor may incur some risk of being brought to justice, the contributors have taken too many precautions to screen them from discovery and chastisement. And this very circumstance of dastardly concealment adds a deeper shade of blackness to their barbarous malevolence.

Yet not only has encouragement been afforded, and an ample store of libellous paragraphs sent to these publications, but a subscription has been actually raised to defraud the equitable vengeance of the law. Blind infatuation! strange perversion of the British feelings of generosity and charity! Are there no miserable objects to be relieved without counteracting the verdict of a jury? are there no opportunities for the exercise of liberality without flying in the face of a legal sentence? Must our pity and commiseration be wasted upon the libeller of women, the defamer of the dead? Is the empire so rich and flourishing in all its parts; are all its inhabitants so easy in their circumstances, that we can afford rewards for slander, and premiums for indecency? Is the law as harsh, or was the decision so iniquitous, as to justify so complete an outrage upon public justice, as an open subscription for a convicted libeller?

But, perhaps, we shall be told, if the fine is paid, the law is satisfied. We ask in return, what is the satisfaction? Is there no outrage committed upon the spirit and intention of the verdict? Is not that, which was meant as a punishment, converted into a triumph? Does not the slanderer enjoy the glory of a martyr without enduring the torment? The law inflicts the fine upon the libeller, upon no other person or persons but the libeller; would the law be satisfied, if a man who was condemned to imprisonment could find a substitute to bear the incarceration. Would the law be satisfied, if it ordered a criminal for execution, and a figure of straw was suspended for an hour in his stead? The British law bears no resemblance to a pagan idol, which thirsts for human blood, and demands any promiscuous victim to be immolated at its shrine. It deals out its terrors and its vengeance with justice and discrimination; it wishes that punishment should light upon him alone, who has committed the offence.

In the instance of which we are speaking, private charity would be misplaced, the money of a single individual would be given, not only unwisely, but ignobly. But a public subscription is perfectly indecent. The collection made for Hone, who, whatever might be his moral guilt, was legally acquitted, falls far short of its folly and presumption. Here how injurious is the principle! how pernicious must be the example! If the man, who stabs the reputation of a woman after her death, is thought a fit object for bounty, how must our ideas of right and wrong be confounded! how must every virtuous sentiment be eradicated from the mind! If individuals are to reverse the sentence which is past upon a delinquent by the highest tribunals of the country, what must the vulgar think of the sanctity of the law, the inviolability of justice, the authority of the judge?

Or will the supporters and encouragers of this paper assert, that there were circumstances connected with the case, which might be allowed to mitigate the severity of the legal infliction. We have already shewn, that there could be none. Upon what points, indeed, will the editors be disposed to rest their claims, we will not say for countenance and encouragement, but for mercy or forbearance? for what reasons will their friends affirm, that they deserve it? For a series of private libels without parallel and without example? or for their spirited and manly conduct, when brought before the House of Commons in consequence of their attack upon Mr. Bennett? or for the honourable peculiarity, that women have been the chief objects of their attacks? or for the general merits of the system, which they have helped to introduce? Or is it for their defence of Church and State? Do they suppose that slander of individuals, or inroads upon domestic privacy, can have any thing to do with the defence of the Constitution? or personal invectives against the Whigs any immediate or necessary connexion with preservation of the existing establishments? Or is it for the literary excellence of the publication? Is it for the sake of its wit, intelligence, or brilliancy, that they would countenance a Journal which has more blunders than it contains columns; which has copied the flippant scurrility of "*Blackwood's Magazine*" without catching one spark of the humour; and upon which Junius seems to have left a double portion of his malice without "the twentieth part a tithe" of his ability.

Or is it simply for the name? Alas! how lamentably have these writers disgraced it! The term "*JOHN BULL*" has long been supposed to represent a being warm, but not malevolent; irascible, but not cruel; bold, headstrong, and obstinate; but never mean, lurking, and dastardly; a being, who would dare to defend whatever he dared to perpetrate; who never shrunk from the consequences either of his words or actions; a faithful friend, and a generous enemy; a being who, above all things, respected the sanctity of home and the character of women; and whose many faults were redeemed by the atoning virtues of open candour and manly sincerity. But observe the contrast. The term is now synonymous with heartless treachery and cold-blooded vindictiveness. Neither home, nor woman, is longer sacred. Fair hostility is exchanged for that Indian method of warfare which shoots a foe from behind a bush. We have stumbled upon times, when in speaking of "*JOHN BULL*" we are supposed to speak of profligate indelicacy and moral assassination. Such a meaning was never before coupled with the appellation. We



ought the more to abhor the man, who has thus dishonoured and defiled it; we must the rather say,

*Hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.*

We have a very few words to address in general to the patrons of this Journal, whether countenancers and readers, or contributors and subscribers; whether the well-meaning persons in the country, who really think it has done good, or the more designing men, who find it a convenient vehicle for their own malice, a fit channel for the polluting stream of their flagitious slanders. We would appeal to all their remaining feelings of prudence, of liberality, of honour. We would tell them, you assist in raising a conflagration in which yourselves may perish; in creating a tempest which you can neither direct, nor prevent from bursting on your own heads. The system will extend its ravages; the flood will roll onward and onward; and you can have no more hope than Canute, that it will stop at your bidding, or never approach yourselves, while all around sink and are swallowed in the waters. Will you wait, then, until more misery and discord have been occasioned; until more duels have been fought and more victims been sacrificed upon the horrid altar of private war? Will you wait, until the monster has entered your own doors; until your own hearth has been made desolate; the peace of your own families swept away; or the reputation of your kindred torn to pieces; and your own bosoms pierced by the stiletto of some literary ruffian. The hydra must be crushed now; or it will increase to tenfold strength. And when, like the elephants in ancient warfare, the powerful engine which we have urged against your adversaries, shall scatter havoc and destruction among your own ranks; when the system, which you have encouraged, is turned to your own ruin; when the mischief, which you have fostered, comes home to yourselves, how unavailing then will be your repentance and regret; what consolation will you find in your own hearts, or what pity from the world?

#### CONCLUSION.

We have now done our duty. We may have written with warmth, for we have been both unwilling and unable to check our indignation. The evil is too notorious to be overlooked, and too enormous to be safely neglected. We have drawn the sword, and we throw away the scabbard. We declare war against the system and its abettors, with as much determined earnestness, as could inspire the youthful Hannibal when he laid his hand upon the altar of his country and his religion, and swore enmity against the Romans. We understand the nature of the contest in which we engage; we neither expect to escape from it unscathed, nor hope, even in victory, to carry off any *opima spolia* from such antagonists. It may be thought, that we have laid too much stress upon mere political squibs, and the usual caricatures of the character and conduct of public men. But we cannot regard the present system in this light. So long as scandal is more agreeable than truth, and flippant attacks better received than regular discussion; so long as there prevails in the human heart the low and mischievous desire of prying into the affairs of others; so long as our self-love is gratified by having the faults and follies of our neighbours exposed before our eyes; it must always be accompanied with extreme danger to the best interests of the community. And when pandects of libel are compiled; when a regular scheme of defamation is organized and set at work; when every word and action of man or woman is discoloured and distorted; when the wounds of private families are ripped open with pitiless barbarity; when the characters of individuals are traduced, blackened, and vilified, on account of a difference in political opinions; when the attacks are such as a man of honour cannot but feel, and a man of spirit cannot but resent when the person attacked must either be stigmatized as a coward, or run the chance of being torn with remorse as an involuntary murderer when, in short, the sanctities of life and the repose of society are thrown upon the mercy of anonymous calumniators, the horror and indignation of all generous and candid minds cannot be too strongly felt—too strongly, too energetically, or too unequivocally expressed. In the whole system there is meanness, there is unfairness, there is humiliation, there is cowardice, there is dishonesty, there is dishonour. It is a system, which acts alternately by bullying bravado and dastardly subterfuges.

The atrocious wickedness of the system has been indeed generally acknowledged. No man has yet dared openly to defend it. That position is found to be untenable by the most hardened ruffian of the gang. We might produce innumerable authorities to prove the opinion universally entertained by all persons of character and good principle; but we shall only select two or three from the more respectable of the Tory party, on account of the shameless assertion, which is repeated and maintained by those journals which are the chief engines of defamation, that they have been established for the purpose of supporting the Government, and "making a determined stand against Whig and radical tyranny over the press."

We would first adduce the Ministers of the Crown. It is true, that they opposed on particular grounds the late motion of Mr. Abercromby; but they have a well-known hatred and abhorrence of the unworthy

practices, by which political animosity is carried beyond all fair and reasonable limits; and the power of the press is employed to the subversion of domestic comfort and the ruin of individual character. Whatever else the present ministers may be, they are confessedly men of honour, and altogether unimpeached and unimpeachable on the points of personal integrity and personal spirit; they would scorn, therefore, to lend encouragement or countenance to such base and ignominious proceedings. To such methods they have never had recourse throughout all their contests with their parliamentary opponents.

We will next quote the words of the Lord Justice-Clerk's charge to the jury upon the memorable trial of Mr. Stuart. "Gentlemen, before concluding, I must say, that I am not one of those, who can give the slightest countenance to such proceedings, as those which led originally to this fatal business. Neither I, nor any other judge in this court, can give the slightest countenance to publication such as those which were directed against the gentleman at the bar. It is one of the greatest misfortunes and evils of the present day, that we have to witness the disgraceful license of the periodical press; and I do lament, from the bottom of my soul, that the unfortunate gentleman deceased should have had any concern with writings of this description." The English judges have invariably entertained the same sentiments, and expressed them on many occasions in far stronger terms.

The third authority which we bring forward shall be that of Sir Alexander Boswell himself. It is but common justice to his memory. He was an amiable man, betrayed by the unhappy concurrence of circumstances, and the fatal prevalence of the system, into the course which he took, and of which he suffered the penalty, with a spirit and determination worthy of a better cause. He writes thus to the Editor of "The Sentinel." "Much has been said about *personality*; but something may yet be said. If you had been base enough to pry into the *private* life of any *private* individual, and had dragged the result of unworthy research before the public, there are not words adequate to express the reprobation which such conduct must have merited. Of this, I need not say that I acquit you: for no one accuses you, and I feel confident, that you are incapable of so reprehensible an act."

As the "Quarterly Review" is the literary organ of the Tory party, we shall transcribe, from the last number of that publication, the following judicious remarks, which the writer goes out of his way for the purpose of introducing. "But personal satire, even in this lowest degree, is not to be justified: no man is entitled to hold up another to ridicule for his private defects or errors; to wound the feelings of an unoffending family by exposing the faults of one of its members; and thus adding public shame to domestic affliction. The drunkard, who goes abroad, is properly liable to be set in the stocks; so long as he keeps at home, he may settle the account himself with his constitution and his conscience."

We have another authority behind, which it is almost ludicrous to adduce. "The raven chides blackness;" the Editor of the "JOHN BULL" can talk with apparent hatred and disdain, of "invading the inmost recesses of private life."

But after all, the natural feelings which are interwoven with the very structure of a virtuous and well-principled mind, are the best authority; the instinctive shudder at the mere mention of secret slanderers and anonymous calumniators, is the strongest proof of the enormity of their guilt. If indeed it be true—and who can doubt it?—that honour is, and ought to be, dearer to a man than life; if it be better to be deprived of all sensation, than for a man to walk about the world with a stain upon his courage, or for a woman with a blot upon her chastity; surely the murderer of character, the miscreant who stains a reputation with diabolical and lurking malice, is a far darker and more consummate villain, than he, who at once plunges his dagger into the heart, and only deprives his victim of animal existence. Unless some new maxims of morality have been discovered, to disprove the truth of the old and familiar lines—

Good name in man or woman, good my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which nothing enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed!—

If such be still the case, the wretch who intrudes upon domestic privacy, in order to wrest from its inmates their esteem and honour in society, is a scoundrel of far deeper dye than he who breaks burglariously into a house at midnight, and carries off, as his whole booty, a table or a spoon. And shall the one be banished for ever from his country, or put to an ignominious and painful death; while the other rises to celebrity and wealth; has subscriptions raised for him after a legal sentence; and derives so much advantage from his former offences, that he is, probably, projecting fresh libels in his confinement,

And even in penance planning sins anew?

For shame, for shame, ye patrons and protectors of the "JOHN BULL" and its fellow labourers in defamation!

The consequences, too, of the system, can no longer be mistaken. It is well known, that all the lamentable results, which we have already mentioned, must follow as inevitably as the thunder upon the lightning; it is well known, that calumny must provoke retaliation; that slanderous attacks upon one party will be revenged by slanderous attacks upon the other; as libels upon the Queen have been succeeded by libels upon the King; and that at length the whole paper warfare of the country will be a continued interchange of the grossest abuse and the most offensive personality.

Moreover, it is no less evident, that both parties must suffer equally from such a practice. They have both an equal interest in subverting and demolishing the present method of conducting the public press. The worst enemies of government and the constitution can alone reap advantage from the violence, the acrimony, the infatuation, the madness, of Whig and Tories. For another peculiarly bad effect of this system must be, that the people, always ready enough to believe ill of their superiors, and particularly when suffering under privations and distress, as they read the bitter and outrageous invectives which are pronounced on both sides; as they see the dirt flung by Whig upon Tory, and by Tory upon Whig; as they find the whole dispute turning upon person, and not principles; will not only imagine their own interests neglected in these worse than factional struggles; but be obliged to think, that all are alike profligate and corrupt in political or domestic life; that they are seeking only their individual profit; and that their profession of honest views is sheer hypocrisy and cant; they will have an utter distrust of public virtue, or disinterested integrity; they will entertain no hope of salvation from either party; and perhaps pin their faith upon some flagitious adventurer in absolute despair.

Again, honourable men of both parties must be aware, that, whether they are vanquished or triumphant in such a warfare, they must be still disgraced by its adoption. They must be aware, also, that whatever be their political opinions, their happiness may be equally the sport of some anonymous scribbler; that their life may be made intolerable, while their character is attempted to be made infamous; that instead of peace and good-will towards their fellow men, they may be goaded almost to madness by the sting of calumny, until their hearts burn with the fire of hatred, and their very souls are parched with the thirst of revenge; that they may be traduced and insulted, day after day, and week, after week, until existence is a burden, and their whole thoughts are concentrated into one harrowing reflection unmerited reproach and blind futile indignation; that they may be neither able to enter into the house of another man, without seeing some atrocious slander upon their actions or their motives lying upon his table; nor into their own, without the horrible suspicion, that it contains some hidden enemy, or at least is no longer an asylum, secure from intrusion and violation; that they may distrust the friend who is innocent, and cherish the companion who is the secret assassin of their good name, until for them society resembles the conflicts of which we read in civil wars, where on certain occasions the combatants have struck their blows at random, unable to distinguish their foes from their allies. Farther, they must be aware, that if they have sufficient strength of mind to treat the malice of the libeller with indifference and scorn, as far as their individual persons are concerned, they will still have to tremble for those, who are nearest and dearest to them; for those whose honour is their own honour, whose character and estimation in the world is a component part of their own happiness and comfort; they must be aware, that their families may be the marks, at which the shafts of defamation are aimed; that there is no shelter, no protection, no safe guard for their wives and daughters; they must be aware, that in a short time the conduct of the public journals may be a regular conspiracy against female reputation, and domestic peace; and that it would be more endurable to live under the iron rule of an Asiatic tyrant, than the omnipresent despotism of the British press.

We would, therefore, earnestly conjure both parties to unite in discountenancing a system, which must be alike ruinous to them both. We are sure, that heedlessness and inadvertence alone could induce them to support, and that a very little reflection will induce them to discourage, to abominate, to abolish, proceedings such as we have described—proceedings of which the object is to defame, and calumniate *ad libitum*—proceedings, which are the quintessence of malignity and indecency—proceedings, which are alike fatal to private happiness and to national character.

This is, in fact, something more than a mere question of party. It is of far deeper interest, and may be attended by far more comprehensive and terrible results. For ourselves, we have examined the nature, the operation, and the consequences of the system upon distinct and separate grounds. Who commenced it, or who carried it to the widest extent; who planned it, and who brought it to perfection; who laid the foundations, and who completed the superstructure, is to us a matter of absolute indifference. By whatever party it has been begun, by whatever

party it has been patronised, the present abuse of the press must be equally the subject of our reprobation and abhorrence. We have kept aloof, and we will always keep aloof, from the mutual invectives and recriminations of Whigs and Tories. We are well convinced, that the faults of the one party are no justification of the criminality of the other. The best interests of the empire must suffer in the same degree, to whichever faction the offenders may belong. We have indeed principally attacked a journal, which pretends to espouse the side of the administration on the very account of this arrogant and shameless pretension. But we neither know, nor care, whether the "JOHN BULL" can, or cannot, make out its case against the rival papers, which maintain the principles of the opposition. The cause of the "JOHN BULL" may be a good one against the "TIMES" or against the Whigs, but it is assuredly a bad one against morality and decency; as the cause of Cæsar was said to be right against Pompey, but wrong against his country.

We have said before, that we are ready to co-operate with any party, in any great and useful work. That assertion we repeat. But we are no less determined to act alone against the vitriolism and licentiousness of all parties. We court none; and we fear none. If our first endeavour were to conciliate favour and ensure popularity, this is not exactly, perhaps, the course which we should adopt. "He who is not with us is against us," has been ever the maxim of the politician. But the way, in which a faction may be pleased, is not always the method by which the country can be benefited.

We have already made some enemies, and we expect to make a thousand more. Upon considering what we have said, we are disposed to own, that we have written too hastily, but cannot allow, that we have written too harshly. As the real friends of the government and the people; as the real advocates of order, morality, and religion; as having a true and deep regard for the honour of our countrymen, and the character of our countrywomen; as connected with the press, and feeling the power and dignity of literature, we only regret the inadequacy of our words to express the full scope of our opinions. As resolved to stand in the gap, and oppose, while we have life, and health, and our humble portion of intellect, the present destroying and demoralizing system; we could not speak of its abettors with commendation or respect. We would now warn and admonish them; the time shall come, when we may startle and alarm them.

But for the present we have done. An inquiry into the state of the press was to constitute the first part of our labours. We had hoped to finish it in two or three reports of the Council of Ten. But this could not be. The pressing interest of the subject, at once immediate and enduring, demands that we should fix our eyes continually upon it. It is our intention, therefore, to devote much of our attention, from time to time, to the task of keeping a watch and a check upon the Reviews—the Newspapers—in short, the whole periodical literature of the country. The arrangements which are now in progress for this purpose, we shall submit respectfully to the public in an early number of the present publication.

#### THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast  
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night  
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height,  
These hardships ill sustained, these dangers past,  
The roving Spanish bands are reached at last,  
Charged, and dispersed like foam;—but as a flight  
Of scattered quails by signs do re-unite,  
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased  
With combinations of long practised art  
And newly kindled hope; but they are fled,  
Gone are they, viewless the buried dead;  
Where now?—Their sword is at the foeman's heart!  
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,  
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

#### SPANISH GUERRILLAS.—1811.

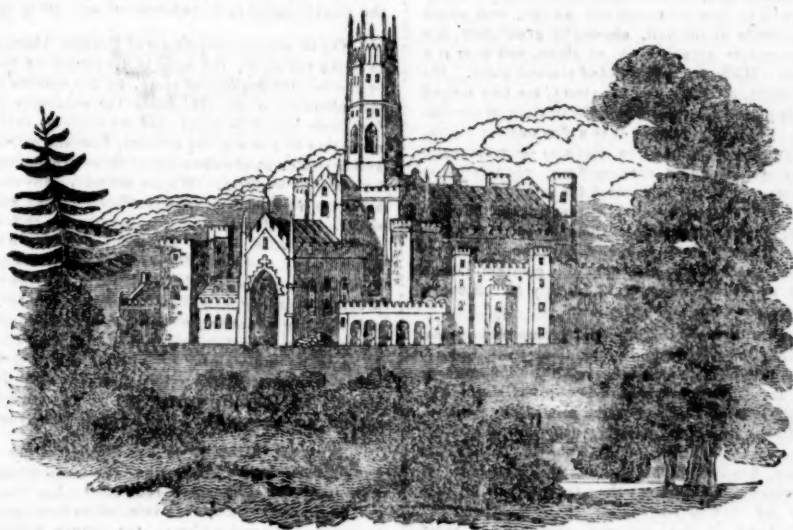
They seek, are sought; to daily battle led,  
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their foes;  
For they have learnt to open and to close  
The ridges of grim war; and at their head  
Are captains such as erst their country bred  
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those  
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,  
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.  
In one who lived unknown a shepherd's life  
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;  
And Mino, nourished in the studious shade,  
With that great leader vies, who, sick of strife  
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
In some green island of the western main.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



# FONTHILL ABBEY.

- 9 -



## A Visit to Fonthill Abbey.

(From the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th, 24th, and 31st, of August, 1822.)

The interest attached to the sale of effects announced at Fonthill Abbey, the grandeur of that structure, the magnificence of its furniture, and the distance at which public curiosity has hitherto been kept from its sealed precincts, induce us to hope that some account of a visit to it will be gratifying to those whom circumstances prevent from availing themselves of the new liberty to inspect its internal treasures, and perambulate its extensive demesne.

Fonthill Gifford, so called in contradistinction to the adjoining manor of Fonthill Bishop, was at the period of the Domesday-survey, held by the ancient family of Gifford;\* from whom it passed into the possession of the Wests (Lords Delawar,) and successively through other owners, including Bradshaw during the inter-regnum, and the Cottingtons before and after the restoration, till it was purchased by William Beckford, the ancestor of the present proprietor, and famous in the records of the City of London, for a bold remonstrance which he is reported to have delivered to the king in the year 1770.

Mr. Beckford possessed immense estates in Jamaica, and was twice Lord Mayor of London. At the time of his death, his son, the present proprietor of Fonthill, was a minor. Succeeding to almost boundless wealth,† endowed with an extraordinary mind, with an exquisite taste for the Arts, with literary talents of the highest order, in short, with genius perilled only by the measureless power of gratification which riches offered, the young owner of Fonthill commenced his career. Alderman Beckford, in the plenitude of his fortune, had, when the former mansion was destroyed by fire, built a noble house in the grounds to the right of what is now the entrance-gate on the London road, and fronting a fine basin of water, agreeably to the fashion of that time. But this noble residence fell far short of the ambition of his successor, who ordered it to be demolished, and, with a profusion probably unexampled in the history of a private individual, commenced the superb design

\* In 1285 Sir Osbert Gifford, knight, (probably a descendant from Osbertus) was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for stealing two nuns from the convent at Wilton, but was absolved on the following conditions: That he should not again enter into a nunnery or be in the company of nuns; that on three following Sundays he should be whipped in the parish church of Wilton, and as many times in the market and church of Shaftesbury;—that he should fast a certain number of months, and not take upon him the habit or title of a knight, or wear any apparel except of a russet colour, with lamb or sheep skins, or return into his military order;—and that he should restore the nuns to their convent to undergo the like conditions. All which he bound himself by oath to do; the bishop of Salisbury prescribing the mode of his fasting till he had served three years in the Holy Land.

† We say reported, because if we are not misinformed, the speech was Wilkes's and not Beckford's, though inscribed on the monument of the latter in Guildhall.

‡ We have heard that when a young man in Italy, his income exceeded 90,000*l.* per annum.

which now receives, as it always attracted, the admiration of the country.

But we shall (at least for the present) lay aside the history of the building, which according to loose calculation cost four hundred thousand pounds,\* and invite the readers of the *LITERARY GAZETTE* to accompany us in a survey of the place, as at present exposed to the rude gaze of the public at the admittance rate of a guinea for a catalogue and ticket, at first procuring entrance to one, now to two.

Passing through an arched gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, in a classical yet rustic style, with a grotesque head in the centre of the arch, the visitor enters the old park, and, traversing that, the inner grounds, which are about seven miles in circumference. These are so ingeniously laid out, that a ride of twenty seven miles may be enjoyed without retracing a single path or walk into which they are arranged, each with characteristic differences of tree, shrub, and flower, from the hardiest British plant to the rarest exotic.

At the gate into the Inner Grounds, which are encircled by a stone wall and chevaux de frise, the tickets are *vised*; and having already admired flocks of swans and of tame wild-ducks, and other aquatic birds, the visitor begins to tread the sanctum sanctorum of the Abbey. The drive is a broad gravel road, with green alleys branching off in every direction between the dark firs of the plantation. This brings us to the southern front of the Mansion; but as there is no entrance on that side, the carriage sweeps round to the grand western door.

This is really a triumph of architecture—a glorious specimen of Mr. Wyatt's abilities and of modern Gothic.† There is no point of view in which its exquisite proportions do not please; and whether contemplated from under its pointed arch, or from any part of the fine rising avenue which extends from it for three quarters of a mile through the grounds, it is equally an object of delight and admiration.‡

This is the entrance to a hall (68 feet by 39,) worthy of its style and beauty. The roof, nearly eighty feet high, is of oak, appropriately divided into panels, and adorned with shields in the old baronial manner. The light comes from three Gothic windows of painted glass on the right, of a cathedral character, and shedding a mellow lustre on the upper part of the superb flight of steps by which you ascend to the great octagon. The lower steps are in broader day from the door-light, and the comp d'oil here is indescribably fine. The magnificent opening, by its Gothic associations rather than by its natural effect, seems to throw one shade upon the air-tint of the lawn; and the eye rests upon the gradually but slightly deepening tone of the ascent, till it rests upon the clustered shafts in the octagon which support the principal tower. These are tinged with rose-colour from the hue of the windows, whose light is thrown upon them; and the whole resembles a magic palace more than any abode of luxury which we ever saw contrived by human

\* The same authority states, that the four hinges of the great west door cost 1500*l.* and weigh more than a ton!

† It forms the frontispiece to Storer's description of Fonthill, 4to, 1812, where it is accurately engraved.—Ed.

‡ As we have directed an Engraving of Fonthill to be prepared for a future (we trust our next) Number, we shall not now dwell on the exterior details.—Ed.

art. Indeed this is one of the peculiarly striking interior views of Fonthill; and visitors will do well to remember the old advice, and pause on the threshold. On the inside of the hall, above the great door, is a Music gallery, with an appropriate screen-work of stone, and over it a small Gothic window, with a Madonna and Child of stained glass. On the right and left of the landing, at the top of the stairs, are two arched recesses, in one of which is placed four paintings illustrative of the history of Tobit, by Stothard. This location, as it is a dim one for vision, was also, we presume, a temporary one, as the pictures seem arranged for a chimney-piece. They are charming compositions, not inferior to any by the Master, and were, we observed, lotted for sale. In the opposite recess is a gorgeous chest; but these sights are rather taken on returning than on entering, for the attractions of the octagon, into which a lofty arch (corresponding with the door below) admits the visitor, are such, that few can delay their footsteps from its contemplation. Of this glorious apartment we cannot do better than copy Mr. Storer's description:

Between the piers of the octagon, which are composed of clustered columns, bearing eight lofty arches, are four pointed windows of beautifully stained glass, copied from those of the celebrated monastery of Batalha, in Portugal; the other four arches that support the tower are the openings of the galleries, the entrance to the great hall, and another arch built up: this latter is reserved for the entrance to the Chapel intended to be erected on the eastern side of the Abbey. The arches that have no place of egress, five in number, are hung with curtains, at least fifty feet high, which, concealing the termination of the building, give an idea of continued space; the light emitted through the painted windows of the octagon presents a most enchanting play of colours, and the effect produced by the sombre hub of twilight, contrasted with the vivid appearance at different hours of the day, is indescribably pleasing and grand. Above the eight arches is an open gallery that communicates with the higher suit of apartments; from this springs a beautiful groining of fan-work, supporting a lantern, lighted by eight windows richly painted; the whole is finished by a vaulted roof, the height of which is one hundred and thirty-two feet from the ground. . . .

Nothing more splendid than this chamber can be conceived; and whether viewed from its base or from the corridors above, it presents a noble impression. Standing in the centre, and looking east, we command a delicious view of the green walk already described; behind is the receding arch (surmounted by the Organ gallery and corresponding with the Music gallery at the entry,) which leads into the Cabinet room and a suite of other rooms; on the left is St. Michael's, and on the right King Edward the Third's gallery, two of the most stately and interesting apartments that can be imagined; the former filled with the choicest books and a few articles of vertu, the latter also employed as a library, but enriched with a much greater number of choice and curious productions, and terminating in an oratory, unique for its elegant proportions and characteristic consistency. It is at once rich and luxurious as the temple of which it forms an appendage—sombre and soothing as the religious feelings with which its designation associates it to require. Here

"Retire, the world shut out;"

it is but the drawing of a curtain, and not only all the glitter of the ad. joining splendour, but all the pomps and vanities of the world, seem to the meditative mind to be excluded for ever. Perhaps its pensive cast is more deeply experienced from the immediate contrast; dazzled with objects of useless show, fatigued with the examination of rare and costly commodities, and bewildered with the multitude of precious devices which every where surround us, the soul retires with tenfold delight within the narrow walls of the little Chapel.

Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells,  
And ever musing Melancholy reigns.

This oratory is approached by a short vaulted gallery, a continuation of King Edward's, of which the descriptive publication correctly say, it is . . . wainscotted with oak and ribbed with deep mouldings, partly gilt and partly coloured; the floor is entirely covered with a Persian carpet of the most extraordinary size and beautiful texture. This gallery receives a glimmering light through six perforated bronze doors, modelled after those of Henry the Fifth's chantry in the Abbey of Westminster. These doors are hung with crimson curtains, which increasing the solemn gloom, aid the effect of the oratory. . . .

The oratory itself is formed of five sides of an octagon. The roof is entirely gilt, in a grained pattern, which renders it wonderfully rich without being unappropriately gaudy. A golden lamp was suspended from the centre, and external light is sparingly admitted by two lancet windows, of stained glass. The Altar, and a statue of St. Anthony, by Rossi, are at this time removed, and several rich cabinets or chests supersede the holy emblems.

From this Chapel to the southern end of the gallery on the South, the measurement is three hundred and thirty feet.

On surveying the interior of Fonthill Abbey, where there is so much to strike the sight, the mind is distracted by the multiplicity of objects, by the minute beauties of some, by the curious nature of others, and by the splendour of all. Of these the catalogue contains one thousand and four items lotted for sale; and we confess, that in our opinion, with the exception of a few of the articles, Fonthill will be a much more beautiful and desirable abode denuded of these ornaments, than if it continued to be enriched by them. We are not under any circumstances, very ardent admirers of houses or palaces fitted up like goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops. A moderate collection of elegant and remarkable productions, serves to amuse visitors at vacant periods, when the contemplation of fine pictures, and even the works of immortal authors, may have palled upon the taste; but a whole Museum of trinkets, china, rarities, and precious bijouterie, can afford no satisfaction to the intelligent mind, and only for a brief space amuse even the weak and barren. If this be true generally, it is particularly applicable to such a place as Fonthill Abbey. In so noble, and we may say so affecting, a Gothic structure, the costly trifles of ingenuity, the oddities of Jad and Japan, the antiquities of Mosses and porcelain, and the commingled fancies of all periods and nations, are more than any where else irrelevant and ill associated.

Were we their owner, we should feel no pain at their dispersion. Let them go to give variety and pleasure to many Mansions: Fonthill will be improved by their removal.\* Its character is simplicity and grandeur, and to be appropriate, all its furniture should partake of these qualities. The noble library, the picture gallery of suitable subjects by excellent masters, and the general air of a magnificent repose, should belong to its exquisite proportions and imposing features.

The conventual style, in which Fonthill Abbey is built, is not very favourable for the exhibition of what we would call finery, nor is it possible to display a very great number of excellent pictures to advantage in the lights afforded by its structure. The grand octagonal Tower suits nothing but the superb simplicity of its existing furniture; the noble arches, the beautifully clustered pillars, the softly stained glass, the rich sweep of curtain, and corresponding masses of sofa and Ottoman, the galleries circling above, and the exquisite fan-work and lantern which crown the whole, are all in the purest keeping and justest taste. The summit of the Tower remains in an unfinished condition; and in ascending to enjoy the extensive view which it presents, you have to clamber up ladders and through rafters. The prospect is, however, a fine one, though the country round is not of a picturesque description. Salisbury Plain, ill named, offers few striking images to the eye; and, with the exception of Salisbury Cathedral in one direction, and Stourhead, backed by Dorsetshire, in another, the immediate groves of Fonthill are the only pleasing features of the scene. On one occasion, when this lofty Tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the Mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair! And we can readily credit this report, for we are well assured that the building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period, every cart and waggon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that four hundred and sixty men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest night of winter, the astonished traveller might see the Tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the light, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of those eminences in the walks which we have already described, and wasting the coldest hours of December, darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power. These singular traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study. It is the very course of nature when satiated with all that inordinate wealth can purchase, to aim at higher, probably at extravagant sources of gratification. The soul,

\* The structure was begun sometime in 1796, after the plans and under the superintendence of the late Mr. Wyatt. Since the death of Mr. Wyatt (in 1813), his plans have been followed by the persons employed by Mr. Beckford without alteration; so that whatever of beauty belongs to the Abbey, it is entirely the result of that eminent architect's talent, and the poetical genius of its owner.



pampered with the easy attainment of almost every thing that is desirable in life, soon disrelishes, despises, and finally loaths what others covet. The utmost bliss to the poor man is an object of apathy to the rich; and gaming, and other violent excitements, are rushed into with a mad avidity. The minds most nearly allied to genius are the most apt to plunge into the extremes: a Beckford builds a Babel by torch-light; a Byron writes a Cain with exultation; and an Erastus burns the Temple of Diana, to gain an immortal, though infamous celebrity.

The sale at Fonthill Abbey has been postponed to the 1st of October, partly, we believe, in consequence of the number of visitors who continue to throng to that attractive spot from every quarter of the country. By one of those revolutions in learning which the world has sometimes witnessed, the diffusion of literature in Wiltshire is a result of this occasion. Perhaps it may not be immediately guessed how this happens; but such is the demand for certain publications, that there is not an inn keeper in the county who has not turned bookseller. Over the chimney of the very Alehouse we read, together with "Soda-Water," "Ginger-Beer," or "Home brewed Ale Sold Here," "Catalogues of the Sale at Fonthill to be had here," or "Rutter's Description of Fonthill Abbey." Thus by a rare union letters and entertainment go hand in hand, and the refreshment of mind and body are happily combined. With what delight, while picking the wing of a chicken at the White Hart, does a traveller enjoy the flights of the Muse? Thus with our coffee we had an opportunity of imbibing the following pretty little poem, by the author of the Grave of the last Saxon, and kindly given by him to Mr. Rutter aforesaid, for his second edition. It is "On the first View of the Abbey, Aug. 21, 1822."

"The mighty wav'd his master wand, and lo!  
On the astonish'd eye the glorious show  
Bursts, like a vision! Spirit of the Place,  
Has the Arabian wizard, with his mace  
Smitten the barren downs far onward spread,  
And bade th' enchanted Palace tower instead?  
Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend?  
High to the clouds yon spire tow'r ascend?  
And starting from th' umbrageous avenue,  
Spread the rich pile magnificent to view!  
Enter—from this arch'd portal, look again,  
Back, on the leasing woods and distant plain.  
Ascend the steps—the high and fretted roof  
Is woven by some Elf's hand aloof,  
Whilst from the painted windows' long array,  
A mellow'd light is shed, as not of day.  
How gorgeous all! Oh never may the spell  
Be broken, that array'd those radiant forms so well."

Similar feelings will fill every sentient bosom on approaching this magnificent pile; and Mr. Bowles has but impressed the common sentiment with his genius in the description. We have pleasure in accompanying it with a beautiful original Epigram.

DE EDE FONTHILLIANA.

Splendida frondosis surgit de montibus Edes;  
Tangit et augustâ fronte superba polum:  
Schicet attonitus dubitat quid conspiciat hospes,  
Au cœlum in terris, an super astra demos.

But we promised that this should be an interior visit, and here we are still outside. Enter!—Among the pictures, of which about a hundred and fifty are consigned to Mr. Christie's hammer, (115 in the 7th day's sale, others on different days) there are several very fine works. The Laughing Boy, by L. da Vinci, is perhaps more admirable as an undoubted specimen of that Master and a perfect example of his style, than as a production of Art. A study of two old Men's Heads by Quintin Matsys, is a valuable and characteristic piece by the Blacksmith. The Adoration of the Magi, by Franks, is the best grouped picture of many figures we ever saw from his pallet; and a Lady in a Red Corset, by Fragonard, the most highly-finished picture in the Dutch manner that could be adduced from a foreign pencil. Catherine Cornaro, by P. Veronese, and the Duke of Savoy, an oval, by Holbein, will also be looked at with attention by the amateur; and one of the most curious early works in any gallery will be found in "Christ in the Garden," by A. Mantegna. In the sky there is an angel with a cup; and the whole is a very odd display of the mechanical skill and the taste of the middle of the fifteenth century. A View of Ostend, by Peters, is a spirited piece; but in the class of landscape there is no thing to compare with two exquisite Berghems. No. 106, (7th day) is a small landscape by that painter, Cattle Feeding, two figures, a hilly distance, and a bright sky. Nothing in art can surpass this gem, which is, we think, perfect of its kind. The simplicity of the subject, and the truth of nature in its execution throughout, show of how much the art is capable on a very limited space. The Praslin Cabinet has also furnished another delicious piece, by the same hand, to the Fonthill collection: this is No. 113, the "Embarquement des Vénères." It is a larger picture, and consists of a sea-port in the gulf of Genoa, a ship at

anchor, and persons employed in carrying provisions and dragging cattle on board. It is a superb production. The Regent Murray, by Jamieson, is a good historical portrait. F. Mieris, the elder, has contributed a Lady feeding a Parrot, in his most finished manner; and the famous Poulterer's Shop, by Gerard Dow, is so well known as a chef-d'œuvre, by that Master as to need no further notice than its name. A Sybilla Lybica, by L. Caracci, is highly spoken of, but did not strike us as a very superior performance. Indeed we were more forcibly struck, probably from the association of ideas, with a picture by Walckenberg, "the building of the Tower of Babel, with a multitude of small figures." This strange representation was in King Charles's collection! The modern Babel which sprung up in those days, dispersed the monuments of royal taste, and now this particular subject having rested long under its congenial Tower of Fonthill,\* is again about to find a refuge elsewhere. To use the common phrase, it should be bought in; no place will fit it so well, nor will it so well fit any other place. There is something remarkable in Mr. Beckford's predilection for Towers. One might be induced to fancy that he set the example to Lord Byron of drawing from himself, and that Vathek was in this respect the prototype of Childe Harold. The readers of that extraordinary tale may remember the following passages—(we quote it, though less finely expressed, from the more generally intelligible English version:)

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability, to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained: for he did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next...

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure, was as able to govern, as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the life-time of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know every thing; even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood; a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven, the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. "Let us leave him to himself," said he to the Genii, who are always ready to receive his commands: "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him: if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of heaven:—he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the day time, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose, was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied, that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs; not considering, that the success of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height, when having ascended, for the first time, the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires: mountains, than shells; and cities, than bee-hives. The idea, which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur, completely bewildered him: he was almost ready to adore himself; till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and welcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattering himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

The finale in the fiery subterranean palace of Eblis, deserves to be quoted as the moral drawn by the author.

All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

\* A Conflagration of Troy, by P. P. Breughel, seems also to deserve that it should retain its place.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be, the chastisement of that blind curiosity, which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

Next to the Paintings, and indeed many cases before them, are the articles of vertu with which Fonthill Abbey is literally crammed. Not only is every wall, every corner, every recess, filled with cabinets, laden shelves, commodious jars, slabs, coffers, caskets, &c. &c. but the window seats are covered, little tables support curiosities, and the whole length of the Edward gallery is filled up the middle, as well as along the sides with rare and valuable productions of arts and nature. There is China enough for the supreme head of the celestial empire; plate enough to challenge competition with Mr. Rundell or Mr. Hamlet; and precious stones enough to make a Parisian belle or perhaps an English toast happy for nine entire months. Some of these household ornaments, Laces which as we have said we do not worship, are however not only extremely beautiful but extremely curious, from the workmanship bestowed upon them. Old Chelsea cups, that have seen as much service as old Chelsea pensioners (for they belong to different services) are seen contiguous, to egg-shell China of the most brittle, and delicate form. Agates nearly as large and more charming than the agate of Upsala, (which is two spans long and a span and a half broad) mingle with jasper cups and Chalcedony vases. Visitors must view with wonder (No. 52, 3d day) a Buhl Armoire, with figures and ornaments chased and gilt. This splendid piece of furniture ten feet in height and five in breadth, was designed by Le Brun and belonged to the Duc d'Aumont. A Cabinet still more remarkable and worthy of minute examination is No. 43, 5th day, composed of pear-tree and other woods, from the palace of Whitehall, and executed from designs by Holbein for Henry VIII. It is a singularly grotesque and curious performance, on which the moral inscriptions do not always agree with the freedom of the bas-reliefs. But the spirit of that age was coarse and licentious; Anne Bullen would probably have witnessed the sight without a blush at which a servant girl of our refined period would cry shame and shut her eyes, at least cover them with her chunky fingers. No. 47, same day, is a most magnificent Cup, cover and stem of ivory, sculptured by Magnus Berg. The carving represents Diana and her Nymph in a Forest scene; and is altogether as complete a specimen of what can be accomplished in this style of art as (perhaps) exists in the kingdom. It is equalled by No. 59, Vase, from the largest known block of Hungarian topaz, also exquisitely sculptured and tastefully set on a tripod stand of gold, enamel, and diamonds. This is by Benvenuto Cellini, made as a marriage-present to Catherine Cornaro, and is certainly one of the most superb gifts that could distract a lady's attention on such an occasion. We can vouch for its disturbing the minds of all the female visitors, whom the spectacle draws to Fonthill; and anticipate that Mr. Christie will have as much trouble in assigning it to an owner, as Paris had with the Apple of Discord.

**A Little Innocent Fun.**—The family of a respectable tradesman, of Sheffield, was on Monday evening thrown into a state of great alarm, from the following circumstance: One of the apprentices had dissolved an ounce of Epsom salts the preceding evening, which he intended to take early next morning. A young lady (a member of the family), under the playful idea of having a little innocent fun, threw out the solution of salts, and in its place put a mixture of salt and water, and a little vinegar. The young man rose at an unusually early hour in the morning, and drank off about one half of this mixture, when discovering the difference in taste—a saltish acid, the idea of having taken oxalic acid flashed upon his mind, and produced the most distressing anxiety. He ran about the house in a state of distraction, and soon alarmed its sleeping inmates; the remainder of the mixture was tasted by several of the family—salts it certainly was not, and oxalic acid it was instantly pronounced to be. Still, however, there seemed a mystery about the business, and it was thought best, before medical assistance was called in, to rouse the female joker, who was alarmed in her sleep by loud knocking at the door. She, seeing her purpose was answered, and unable to conceal the truth in the face of such evident alarm, confessed the fact, to the no small joy of the youth, who felt much the same as though he had risen from the dead.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

**Electric Light.**—Professor Memackie, of Halle, has succeeded in producing a brilliant illumination by means of electric lights, and the aid of an artificial air enclosed in glass tubes. As the electric sparks propagate themselves to infinity, the Professor thinks it will be possible to light up a whole city with a single electrifying machine, at a very trifling expence, by the adoption and probable improvement of the apparatus he has already invented.

### MR. O'MEARA.

There have been several very staggering questions put in the public papers, touching this person's book;—one, with respect to Buonaparte's speech to him upon the marriage of our Princess Elizabeth, which has not been very satisfactorily answered. We have seen, in manuscript, a large collection of notes upon the work, of a similar nature, which, however, as they are not intended for publication, perhaps, it is not fair to refer to; but the following letter from Count Bertrand, we consider it our duty to publish, as it has already appeared in some of the daily prints. The Count, it appears, is mentioned in the work as being able to vouch for its authenticity.

To the Editor of the Constitutionnel.

SIR, "Paris, Nov. 24, 1822.  
Finding that two volumes, entitled "*L'Echo de St. Helene*," have lately been published, the writer of which seems to have invoked my testimony to their authenticity, I feel it due to the memory of Napoleon, to France, and, I will say, to Europe, to declare, that I am a perfect stranger to the contents of the publication and that those not heard the conversation which the Author states himself to have had, with the illustrious prisoner of St. Helena.

(Signed) "Comte BERTRAND."

Mr. O'Meara last night published the following letter in the Courier which, in justice, we also insert.

To the Editor of the Courier.

SIR, "London, Nov. 30, 1822.  
An article having appeared in your journal of yesterday, giving a translation purporting to be that of a letter from Count Bertrand in the *Constitutionnel*, and headed by a statement that I had appealed to him as being a person who could vouch for the accuracy of the work, lately published by me, entitled *Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice from St. Helena*. I request that you will be pleased to give an early insertion to the following statement.

"The assertion, that I have appealed to Comte Bertrand, to vouch for the accuracy of my work, is wholly incorrect. By a reference to my book, it will be seen that I have merely stated that I could appeal to him, in common with the other executors, and to Count de Las Casas, as to the facilities for communication which I had with Napoleon, and the familiarity with which he honoured me.

"I must observe, that there has been a mistranslation of the French of Count Bertrand's letter. The words in the original, now lying before me are '*Je suis entièrement étranger à la publication de cet imprimé*;' meaning 'I had no hand in the publication of the work. It is perfectly true, that Comte Bertrand had no hand in the publication of my book, and I am happy to be able to state what may be of service to him in the negotiation which he is carrying on with the French Government for the payment of the money bequeathed to him by Napoleon. As to that part of my work describing the ill treatment inflicted upon his late master, I have before me now, in Count Bertrand's hand writing, a detailed statement, amply confirming the narrative in my books.

"It is known to the public, that a pretended translation of my work was lately published at Paris, called *L'Echo de Sainte Helene*; but, being partly mutilated, and partly fabricated in the grossest manner, I myself have denounced it as such in various journals—amongst others, in your own. One should suppose that Count Bertrand must have alluded to this work, and not to the original English edition, for that was sent by me to him more than four months ago, and was seen upon his table, about that time by a friend of mine. It is not to be supposed that he, understanding English very well, would have delayed so long to contradict it, if he had believed the contents to be untrue: and, indeed his letter refers to a book which he had just seen, published for the first time.

"It is perfectly true that Comte Bertrand did not hear the conversations which I have stated to have passed between Napoleon and myself, as he was not present; nor have I, in my book, represented him to have been a witness to any between us three, consisting of more than a few words.

"Every one who has read my book must have perceived Napoleon's own personal voucher, for the confidence with which he honoured me, and the credit with which he wished my communications respecting him should be received by his nearest and dearest relatives. This document is still in my possession, and I will with pleasure shew it to any person who may wish to refer to it.—I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant,

BARRY E. O'MEARA."



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

— 13 —

## Sam Sly and Simple Simon.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

JOHN BULL's crony SAM SLY is undoubtedly a queer rogue; but I doubt if his composition deserve the blarney bestowed by the acute Editor on "the keen satiric style of our really witty correspondent." Such blandishments may however have their purpose, as the sagacious Editor perhaps judges truly that "SAM" is not quite so sly as to resist the soothing unction of flattery, which I verily believe would make even the wheels of Juggernaut glide smoothly along, converting the groans of the mangled and the shouts of the fanatic into the music of the spheres.

SAM SLY has a most unlaywerlike aversion to precedents, and objects to travelling back twenty-five years for a proclamation to restrain gaming, or referring to a 40 years "Order in Council," shutting up liquor shops; and can see no wit at all in the JOURNAL advocating (which I believe it never did although one of its Correspondents might) "a scheme for sending to Europe the lower classes of Portuguese, Malays and Chinese under Lord Wellesley's Proclamation, dated the 9th of Nov. 1798, this being (as he observes) an extension of the Proclamation which was meant to be confined solely and wholly to Europeans. But will SAM SLY assign a single reason in the columns of JOHN BULL, why such a Proclamation or any Regulation whatever should not be extended to all classes *ad libitum*? No, SAM SLY will not; or what amounts to the same in effect, JOHN BULL will not allow him to employ "his keen satiric style" on such a subject.

SAM SLY who has probably some snug birth, shrewdly advises people to save themselves the fruitless and thankless task of observing the conduct of their neighbours. "Let them, (says he) quit the arduous task of watching over our morals, pointing out errors and keeping a jealous eye on those in authority." The person who gives this advice, as if at all necessary, soon after accuses the "DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS" of slipping over a Rule Ordinance and Regulation passed on the 24th of last month; now if SAM himself had carefully studied this—*sly* SAM would have perceived his advice was quite superfluous. But he goes on to say, that "notwithstanding the trouble and concern gratuitously sustained (in communicating facts I imagine from the context and suggesting the remedy of grievances) it may at least be questioned, whether our circumstances are thereby much, if at all, improved; or whether the Rulers, Magistrates and People are at this moment a bit wiser or better, than when our vigilant watchmen first undertook to amend and look after us." If that be the case, then let us dismiss our Chowkeydars and Durwans, and all fall asleep together, trusting to Providence!

But SAM SLY or sly SAM is evidently no friend to Magistrates; or he would be so candid as admit that they like other men grow wiser by experience; and I can inform him that from not being acquainted with them he has entirely mistaken their character and misrepresented their conduct. I could tell him of a Magistrate (to his praise be it spoken) who so far from despising the admonitions of the Public, expressed through the Press, acknowledges his obligations to them, and that he has made it a practice to study the ASIATIC DEPARTMENT of the JOURNAL before entering upon his Magisterial labours that he might be the better enabled to discharge his duty by the hints from time to time thrown out. This is, in my opinion, a better way of employing time "invaluable time" (as SAM SLY says) than leaving it to

"Dry the Widows eyes and make  
The wretch in bondage in his chains forget  
That ever he was happy.

Is this, then, the remedy SAM would prescribe for every sore? Would he merely stop the mouth of the sufferer and tell him to look to time—the sovereign panacea for every evil? Does he think the waters of Lethe will come at his call and quench the fever of discontent, while the exciting cause remains unabated. Go to, SAM! thou art but a young Philosopher. Subject thy head to the manipulations of the Craniolelogist; and be convinced thy talent lies not this way.

SAM SLY concludes:—"Had he suggested the Translation into the Native languages of the Rules Orders and Regulations, as I understand, is the practice at Bombay, he would have done some service; as the Natives at present know nothing of the Ordinances, which are printed in English, and in English only." I sincerely wish SAM's suggestion may receive the attention it deserves; which there is the more reason to hope, as an Establishment has been lately formed by Government, placed under the superintendence of an elegant and profound Oriental Scholar. Its attention, I believe, is chiefly directed to the translation of Native Works into English; but the translation of useful works into the Native tongues, may probably also come within its scope.

April 28, 1823.

SIMPLE SIMON.

## Etymology of Nachash.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Dr. Tytler says that NAKUSH (by which I understand the word which I write NACHASH, a *Serpent*) is not a root, but obviously a compound. It may be so, but others are of a different opinion.

It must be allowed that the New Testament Writers were inspired, and that our Saviour and the Apostles knew the true meaning of NACHASH, whether they followed the Septuagint or the Hebrew. By them that word was certainly understood to mean *οφις*, *ophis*, a *serpent* originally; though it is used to mean *figuratively*, (Rev. 12. 9.), "And the great dragon was cast out,"—*ο οφις ο αρχαιος, ο χαλουμενος Διαβολος*,—"that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan."

I really do not pretend to be capable of contending, on such subjects, or on any other probably, successfully against Dr. Tytler,—and as your Subscribers are, I dare say, tired of NACHASH, I now take leave of the discussion.

April 29, 1823.

U. V. W.

## Affairs of the Catholic Church.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

It is now upwards of two months since the Election took place of the present Wardens of the principal Catholic Church, and it was then whispered about, that, in order to allay the irritated minds of a great body of the Catholics, a new Code of Rules, compiled from the musty and almost forgotten records of the Church, would soon be taken in hand, and copies circulated, with a view to make the community generally acquainted with the respective rights of each party, and thereby prevent complaints and murmurs on points not well known on either side. This was a whisper which pleased many, though several sceptical characters, who seemed to know better than others of what stuff certain men are composed, smiled in rather a peculiar way. Two months silence, however, is certainly on the side of these doubtful smilers; but as Rome was not built in a day, perhaps some of your numerous Catholic readers may be able to inform me, whether any and what progress has been made in the compilation.

I am also desirous of learning something about a Society, that was talked of since January, of which the Rev. Mr. Murphy, an Irish Clergyman now here, was to have been Chaplain. I saw the Prospectus of the Plan while in circulation, and subscribed to it; and if I mistake not, this Reverend Gentleman remained behind on the sailing of the Portuguese Ship to which he was attached, on purpose to devote his labours to the Society's views. Mr. Murphy has preached publicly in Calcutta once, and I don't know that he wants talents, or is otherwise disqualified to remount the pulpit: what then, I beg to enquire, prevents the Society's being formed, and what is Mr. M. doing?

Your obedient Servant,

April 29, 1823.

A PARISHIONER.

## Circular of Professor Van Ess.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

The exertions of that celebrated Roman Catholic Professor and Clergyman, Dr. Leander Van Ess, in Marburg, in Germany, for promoting the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, are so extraordinary, and must be so interesting to every sincere Christian, that I hope you will gladly comply with my request to insert in your widely-circulated JOURNAL the enclosed Circular, which this genuine Catholic has addressed to all Bible Societies throughout the world; and, a copy of which, he has lately sent to every Bible Society's Committee in the East, and thus oblige,

Sir, Your's sincerely,

Calcutta,  
April 25, 1823. }

A FRIEND OF THE  
BIBLE SOCIETY.

Circular addressed by the Rev. Dr. L. Van Ess, to all Bible Societies throughout the World, translated from the German.

To the Honorable Bible Society at Madras, Bombay, &amp;c.

The great and wonderful work of diffusing the Bible throughout all countries, among all nations, in all tongues, which God is carrying on in our days, has a just claim upon our admiration. If in the diffusion of these impressions of the Bible, so widely different from each other as to language and character, we attend more accurately to the operation of the Spirit of God, by whom alone this great work is kept in motion, and rendered effectual, we anticipate from these exertions a most blessed and ardently-to-be-desired result, as it regards the general union of Christian communities; say we see, even now, this result actually approaching with peace and joy in its train, I mean the fulfilment of the design which the God and Saviour revealed in the Bible, the only centre of union in the whole universe, has formed for leading all these various communities to unity both in faith and love, in knowledge and practice. And truly, the living God and Saviour revealed in the Bible, in drawing us to himself in faith and love, can do far more towards harmonizing these discordances among Christians which have subsisted for such a length of time and to such an awful extent, than all politico-hierarchical attempts at pacification or union, more than all the Concordats, the Congresses, and Diets of our days, or than all the Augustan, Tridentine and Dordracene Synods of former times. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid and built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord,—and in whom we all are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.\*

The associations into which Christians of all communions, formerly so widely separated from each other, have now entered for promoting unitedly the universal diffusion and study of the Scriptures, seem to be the means by which God intends to unite all believers in the faith and practice of the one Divine religion, notwithstanding the multifariousness of communions, which, being formed by men, cannot but be differently framed, as to their outward appearance. At least it has been abundantly proved by indubitable facts, that the Bible Society forms a principal centre of union, productive of mutual Christian respect and love, (which is infinitely more than cold hearted, passive toleration,) in which members of all Christian communions, acknowledging each other as professors of one religion, can meet together in peace as friends, as brethren, as being all of the same mind in every essential point, and engage with one accord to glorify that one God and Saviour revealed in the Sacred Scriptures,—to know him as the way, the truth, and the life,—and to trust in the crucified God-Man as our propitiation and peace with God, both in the course of our life and in the hour of death.

This heavenly bond of faith and love by which the Bible Societies have united the great family of Christians, approves itself as the heart-gladdening dawn of that great day, which is perhaps nearer at hand than is generally supposed, when the partition walls will be broken down which now separate Christians from Christians. When first Protestant Christians, who differ from each other in more than external matters,† will in faith and love have re-united themselves to the one God and Saviour revealed in the Bible, and when the Catholics, both Priests and Laymen, in consequence of a free, unrestrained use of the Scriptures, shall have been brought to see what the Bible does not contain, as well as

\* 1 Corinth. iii. 11. Ephes. ii. 20—22.

† He alludes here to the prevalence of Socinian and Deistical principles in Germany among such as call themselves Protestants.—Note of the Translator.

what it really does—then the time will speedily arrive when there will be but one shepherd and one flock; when Christianity, the only divine religion, will be truly believed and practised in all Christian communities of human formation; which, as they differed originally in matters not fundamental, may, and will thus continue to differ.

How gladly I contribute the mite of my labours and exertions to the realizing of the hope now expressed, by the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, of this I have given an account in what is subjoined to this address; and I communicate it under the conviction, that you will sincerely participate in my joy on account of the great things which are now going on in the Catholic Church, in which the word of God, bearing down all opposition, is daily spread to a greater and wider extent. The Lord of glory, the Lord of the harvest, has, as you will perceive from the Appendix, entrusted to my care a great portion of benevolent gifts through the generous Parent Bible Society in London; and besides these, I have received several sums from other friends of the Bible, by which I am happily enabled, to assist in the diffusion of the word of God. This sacred fund I endeavour with all my might to administer, faithfully and conscientiously, and to spread far and wide, copies of the book of books both among Protestants and Catholics. What the Lord, who is rich in mercy and grace, and turneth the hearts of all men according to his good pleasure, has already done for the spread of my translation of the New Testament, may be seen from the number of copies which have been circulated in so short a compass of time.

With nearly every part of Catholic Germany and with Switzerland, I keep up a laborious correspondence. A great door and effectual is opened unto me, although there are many adversaries. (1 Corinth. xvi. 9.) But these are not able to destroy what God is protecting, they are constrained against their will to assist in winding up the bucket from this well of salvation, that the water of life may flow, with the greater profusion, through all channels unto the people. I daily receive new proofs, that also in our Church, (the Roman Catholic,) the thirst for the word of God becomes every where more general and ardent,—that more and more labourers are coming forward to prepare the Lord, and to sow the divine seed in the field of God,—that the people, with continually increasing eagerness and greater impatience of restriction assert their right as Christians, to peruse their Code, and that in some instances the ground becomes daily more susceptible of receiving the seed, whilst in other a plenteous harvest is actually ripening. I perceive this from the accounts communicated to me by my correspondents, as well as from my own observations. From all quarters I hear statements which demonstrate that the word of life still exerts its pristine power in the hearts of innumerable readers, that it brings back men to that pious belief and pure morality from which they had deviated, and that it ministers light, comfort, and peace, to those who sit in the regions of darkness and in the shadow of death.

How great soever the number of copies of the New Testaments is which have been already circulated, the Lord opens wider and wider the door for its diffusion, and extends more and more the sphere of my operations, so that I receive applications for a greater number of copies than either the state of funds, or the number of presses employed by the publisher enables me to furnish. On this account my book-seller, Mr. Seidel at Sulzbach in Baxaria, has added six new presses to those hitherto employed for this purpose, that thus my extensive commissions may be the sooner executed, and the hunger after spiritual food satisfied.

For this reason I prefer a humble claim upon the Christian love and benevolence of every honourable Bible Society, and of every friend to the Sacred Scriptures, entreating them to support me as much as lies in their power with pecuniary contributions, that the wheels of this great machine now in motion, for the spread of the word of God, be not stopped for want of such aid, but that they may continue in the most effectual manner to carry light and power into every district of Germany, to some parts of which, within a very short time, the book of books has found access, where hitherto the grossest darkness, the most profligate depravity, and the most grievous superstition have reigned among both the heads and members of the Church. I return I joyfully offer to all who apply for them, as many copies of my translation of the New Testament, as the state of my funds will allow me to furnish.

[The revered writer of this address here mentions the different sizes, in which his translation of the New Testament into German is to be had, and announces his expectation that this will soon be allowed by his translation of the Old Testament. Resuming the subject he adds:]

In conclusion, I humbly request all honourable Bible Societies to rejoice my heart with a copy of their Annual Reports, and with a copy of each of the different editions of the whole Bible and of the New Testament, which have been published at their expense, and thus to increase my collection of different editions of the Holy Scriptures.

Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you! II. Thess. iii. 1.

Marburgh, in the Electorate of Hesse, The 21st of December, 1821. } (Signed) LEANDER VAN ESS,  
Professor and Catholic Pastor.



### Circulation of the Scriptures.

*Summary of the account of Copies of the Holy Scriptures circulated by the Rev. Dr. Leander Van Ess, from June 1818 to the end of December 1820, and of the sums of Money received and expended by him for that purpose.*

Agreeably to the account published by him in July 1818, a translation of which appeared in the Appendix to the 9th Report of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society, L. Van Ess has circulated to June 1818.

Testaments of his own translation, ..... 233,341  
Testaments of Luther's translation, ..... 2,800

Sum total of Testaments, .... 236,141

Bibles of Luther's translation, ..... 5,334

Since June 1818 to the end of December 1820, he had circulated, in addition to the copies which he had before disposed of:—

Testaments, ..... 163,320

Hebrew Bibles, ..... 500

German Bibles of Luther's translations, .. 2,915

3,415

Accordingly the total number of copies of the Holy Scriptures circulated by him to the end of December 1820, is

Testaments, principally of his own translation, .. 399,461

Hebrew and German Bibles of Luther's translation 9,749\*

The total sum of money which he has received from June 1818 to the end of December 1820, is 1,18,101 Gilders. Of this sum 12,132 Gilders had been contributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; 5035 Gilders by the Amsterdam Bible Society, and 2525 by the Russian Bible Society. Also several German sovereigns, as the King of Wirtemberg, the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Nassau, and others, have sent him contributions, for the purpose of enabling him to circulate the Holy Scriptures among their Roman Catholic subjects. This sum, added to 94,345 Gilders, being the sum of money received to June 1818, makes the total sum of money received by him for the purpose of spreading the word of God, chiefly among the Roman Catholics in Germany, amount to 2,12,446 Gilders, which is about £19,000 Sterling.

Leander Van Ess concludes his account in the following manner:—

"Animated by the liveliest gratitude, and joyfully acknowledged what great things God our father in Christ Jesus has done, by means of pious and benevolent hearts and hands, in enabling me to circulate his eternal word, I present this account of the copies of the Holy Scriptures circulated by me, and of the sums of money received and expended for that purpose, first to these generous benefactors, and secondarily to all Christians who consider the circulation of the Holy Scriptures as a sacred duty; at the same time observing, that every six months the details of my accounts, with all vouchers belonging to them, are submitted to a number of upright men, both Clergymen and Laymen, well versed in accounts, for their examination, and signed by them. Whilst I daily praise God for the great confidence which generous friends of the Bible place in me, I beseech them, by what must be nearest to their heart—the eternal happiness of our brethren—not to relax in their generous liberality. The harvest has been great indeed; but it may become still greater, if I am still more liberally supported in distributing this spiritual food in the wilderness, and in satisfying the desire of the souls which thirst after the waters of salvation. Let us, therefore do good, and not grow weary; let us work, while it is called to day, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. He rewards gloriously and eternally what is done out of love to him, to promote his honour.

"I observe, moreover, that I have still in store a number of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Bibles (vulgate editions), which have been placed at my disposal by the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the purpose of disposing of them to poor students, either gratuitously, or at such a price as their circumstances may allow them to pay.

"Finally, I declare herewith that I shall cheerfully continue, till death, to devote all my powers to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. As I have on my side God and him who has commanded us to 'search the Scriptures;' as I have on my side the unanimous consent of the most pious and learned Fathers of the Church, and the judgment of the most holy Popes, Archbishops and Bishops; as I have on my side the testimonies of the holy Martyrs, whom our Church sets forth to us on the second of January as patterns for our imitation, who, as it is said in the Roman Martyrology itself, despised the tyrannical command of the Emperor

\* In a letter addressed to the translator, dated the 18th of January 1822, L. Van Ess mentions that since the publication of his last public account to the end of August 1821, he has circulated 519 Bibles and 34,180 Testaments, so that the total number of Bibles and Testaments circulated by him to September 1821 is 9,268 Bibles and 4,33,641 Testaments.—Note by the Translator.

Dioclesian to deliver up the sacred books and rather gave their bodies to the executioners than that which is holy to the dogs; as I have on my side the Bible itself, the word of prophecy contained therein, the important events of our wonderful time, and eternity, which speaks to me and all with the utmost seriousness; I say, as all these are for me, who can be against me?

Marburg, } (Signed) DR. LEANDER VAN ESS.  
January 1821. } Professor and Christian Catholic Pastor

### Selections.

*Madras, April 17, 1823.*—We understand, that the people in the JULIANA's Boat, finding they could not make the Ship, proceeded, as was concluded to Ceylon; and that accounts have reached the Presidency of their having landed in safety.

*Vepery Academy.*—"The Third Annual Examination of the Vepery Academy, under the care of Mr. D. Kerr, took place on Wednesday last the 9th instant, in presence of the Rev. Mr. Lewis and several Gentlemen, the Parents and Guardians of the Scholars.

The Scholars were examined in English Reading, Writing, Recitation, Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic, &c. and in the elements of the Latin Language. The correctness with which the tasks were performed, drew forth the commendations of the Visitors; while the cheerfulness, emulation, and discipline of the Scholars, united with their healthy and cleanly appearance, and the great improvement made since last year, exhibited the wholesomeness of the system adopted in the Seminary, as well as the attention and diligence of the Superintendent.—*Madras Government Gazette.*

*Provisions for Wives and Children.*—We not long ago inserted a Letter on the subject of a want of a safe and certain means of securing future Provisions for Wives and Children. We were in hopes, that some of our Correspondents who are interested in establishing such a security would have come forward; in the absence however of any more competent pen, we are induced ourselves to offer a few remarks on the subject. We need not say one word on the benefit to be derived from some such certain provision—the only question is, how it is to be secured. We would recommend the establishment of a Saving Bank, to be conducted upon precisely the same principles as those at home. We cannot doubt but that a measure would receive the sanction of the Government, and indeed it would be expedient to endeavour to get a regulation passed authorizing its establishment, and sanctioning its rules. In England these Banks have not been thought beneath the notice of Parliament, on the contrary they have received its most decided sanction; and under its protection no less a Sum than 5,000,000*l.* is at present invested in Government Securities. We have been led to make these remarks from the perusal of an account of the establishment of a Saving Bank at Maidstone, which we will shortly lay before our readers; in the mean time we hope, what we have now said will induce others more versed in such matters than we are to turn the subject over in their minds. The more we think of it ourselves, the more we are satisfied, not only of its practicability, but of its essential necessity. In England these Banks are chiefly confined to the poorer classes of Society, but there can be no possible objection to the operation of the same principle on all classes.

*The Post Master General's Portable Bridge of Tension and Suspension.*—This curious novel structure, which is one day present to our view, and the next disappears, has again vanished! No appearance even of the standards, or rising platform were to be seen yesterday morning at day break, the whole having been taken to pieces, and moved away in a few hours. Yet the Bridge was viewed complete from the Courser at the close of the preceding evening, exhibiting a light graceful Arch of 160 feet span and nine feet wide. This rapid operation, (similar to those previously performed in the night, simply however we imagine to avoid the intense heat of the Sun) affords the best proof of what might be done in warfare, with such an aid in the hands of a few active European Soldiers. There is no question that light Horse Artillery may easily be passed over this airy, yet very substantial structure. In a Military point of view, therefore, all the change necessary would be the substitution of framed Trussels, instead of Piles, which require to be sunk in the earth.

And if we are correctly informed, the Post Master General has constructed models of such Trussels, so that at no very distant period it is probable we may see a specimen of this variation in the structure of the Portable Bridge. It seems to us, that the width of nine feet may be reduced with advantage, where the span is so great.

We understand that Government have given every encouragement to the general introduction of the use of these Rope Bridges of Tension and Suspension, subject to the result of the experiments which will be made of them by the Post Master General during the next rains, over particular Torrents.

We cordially wish success to this new and ingenious scheme, which promises so well, and as originating in a laudable wish to benefit the Country at large,

It is remarkable, that it has not been found necessary to make the slightest alteration in the component parts of this beautiful piece of mechanism, since the first night on which it was set up.

Those who have kindly expressed so much anxiety for the fate of this Bridge, if attacked by white Ants, will no doubt be delighted to learn that not a shadow of this redoubtable enemy has appeared since the standards were entered in February, and even that the logs of fire-wood used for the dead-eyes, the Setting-up paws, and radiating Lifts remain entire. But we understand it is nevertheless intended to copper the four Uprights, and the stands on which the rollers revolve.

**Old Mission Church.**—The scaffolding of the new Steeple of the Old or Mission Church is gradually disappearing, and exposing fully to view beautifully slated Spire. Wholly unacquainted as we are with the most simple rules of Architecture, we can only express our opinion in language altogether devoid of technicals; and perhaps, by lauding with appears to our untutored senses as natural and beautiful. We may only prove the sincerity of our profession of perfect ignorance of the Art. We shall therefore content ourselves with noticing it, as if we had never heard there was such an Art as Architecture.

In the first place we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the old Spire was decidedly any thing but an Ornament in itself; and when it was compared with its immediate neighbour, it sank below negative merit; and that it was literally a disgrace to the character for improvement, which has for many years distinguished this City. The present Spire, to our judgement, is well proportioned to the size of the building. We are not ourselves able to distinguish any peculiar difference between its character and that of the Scotch Church, with the exception that the part which we should more immediately denominate the Spire is in the former fluted, and that the outer compartments have an appearance of graceful curve. We should not, however, ourselves particularly admire this appearance, if it stood alone, the only Church Spire in Calcutta; but situated, as it is, close to the beautiful Spire of the Scotch Church, we think the appearance thus given to it, varies the sameness of the Architecture, in a peculiarly pleasing and graceful manner. To our eyes, it certainly appears equally beautiful with its neighbour, and we regret that its comparatively confined situation does not allow its beauties to be so distinctly seen. It is surmounted by a most appropriate and characteristic vane viz. A Dove with an Olive Branch in its mouth. We may be mistaken, but we apprehend that the Letters of direction, for the Cardinals Points of the Compass, are not exactly correct. Indeed we should be glad to see them altogether removed—they do not in our eyes at all improve the appearance of the apex, and in these days cannot be necessary.—John Bull.

### Auctioneers Catalogues.

To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkara.

SIR, A Correspondent of the JOURNAL, who signed himself A SUFFERER asked some time ago, whether an Auctioneer selling goods not answering the description given of them in the Catalogue, was liable to pay back the money given for such goods or not? To this I reply, that of course he is, and you will oblige me by inserting the following account of such a transaction, which proves that what I assert is quite correct.

Your Obedient Servant,

April 29, 1823,

ANOTHER SUFFERER.

**Police Court, Edinburgh.**—A Lady, at an Auction of what was started to be a Bankrupt's Stock of Haberdashery goods, purchased two plaids for the sum of 2l. 8s. 4d.—These the Auctioneer described as consisting of Silk, as being of full size, that they had each cost three guineas, and were generally sold for three guineas and a half each. On afterwards examining her purchase, the Lady discovered that she had been imposed upon by a false description, the attached fringes and body alone being of Silk, while the large figured ends and the figured borders were of Cotton, and they were of a smaller size than usual; she therefore applied for her money, and offered back the goods; and the Auctioneer not complying, she lodged a complaint against him, upon hearing of which the Court ordered him to restore the price, he getting back the goods, and he was also found liable to the expenses.

### Deaths.

At Bombay, on the 10th ultimo, **NORONA BALLAJEE, Parsvee**, many years Compositor in the COURIER Office.

On Board the Homeward bound Ship **HENRY PORCHER**, on the 2d of November last, off St. Helena, **Mrs. MARY WRIGHT**, formerly **Mrs. LOWRIE**, of Bangalore.

## Imposition at Salt Chokeys.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Allow me to request you the favor of your giving this a corner in your widely circulated Paper, by which means you will not only oblige me, but prevent the imposition on the Merchants, whose boats are obliged to pass the Sunderbunds River, by the Salt Chokees and Girdwarhey Pansways. My object is to bring the following statement (to which I have been an eye witness,) to the notice of the Board of Customs Salt and Opium, that they may take proper measures and prevent future impositions by their servants.

Being obliged to proceed to Dacca, I took the Sunderbunds passage, and on my way I found that the Salt Chokees stationed at different places from Tardah to this, are in the habit of collecting one anna from every boat that pass and re-pass the different Chokees, and if any of the manjees or chirrendars object to pay the above mentioned fee, their boats are detained and the people ill treated until the fee is paid: the rice boats are obliged to pay one anna and five seers of rice. I have been an eye witness to this at the undermentioned places, where I was obliged to wait for the flood tide, viz.

Chokee Gurguttah, near Soomrah village a little above Buddertullah—Purtaubpore—Buddertullah—Chapprah Ghaut—Chandkolley—Gujjolleah.

Exclusive of the several Chokees, the Girdwarhey Pansways (or the Guard Boats) of Zillahs Twenty-four Pargunnah and Nuddeah, stationed in the Sunderbunds, collect one anna each from every boat. In concluding I must say that the Girdwarhey Pansway of Jessore collects nothing.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

On the River, Culna Jessore, April 8, 1823.

M. J. M.

### Shipping Arrivals.

#### CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
April 30	Juliana	British	J. Webster	Bourbon	Jan. 24

### Shipping Departures.

#### BOMBAY.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
April 6	Milford	British	R. Horwood	China
	8 Santo Antonio	Portg.	J. F. de Oliveira	Demann

### Stations of Vessels in the River.

#### CALCUTTA, APRIL 29, 1823.

At Diamond Harbour.—EXMOUTH, outward-bound, remains.  
New Anchorage.—H. C. S. ROYAL GEORGE.  
Sauger.—ZELI, (F.), outward bound, remains.

The Ships GOOD HOPE, Captain Thomas Binney, for South America, and are CATHARINE, Captain Gordon Wallace, for Penang, expected to sail in two or three days.

### Marriage.

At Bombay, by the Reverend J. CLOW, Captain D. CAMPBELL, of the Country Service, to Miss ELIZABETH HANNAH.

### Births.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. N. L. BRIANT, of a Son.  
On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW D'CRUZ, of a Daughter.  
At Cawnpore, on the 21st ultimo, the Wife of GEORGE REDDIE, Superintending Surgeon, of a Son.  
At Puttyghur, on the 13th ultimo, the Lady of Captain FAGAN, Deputy Pay Master, Rajpootannah Force, of a Son.  
At Tellicherry, on the 3d ultimo, the Lady of M. LEWIN, Esq. of a Daughter.  
At Mocha, on the 20th of January, the Lady of Captain G. HURCHINSON, Resident, of a Son.